Translated for the Daguerreotype.

THE CONVENT-KITCHEN IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

Ad crucis hoc signum fugiat procul omne malignum. Det Deus illaesus sit noster potus et esus.

Ekkehardus, monachus St. Gall:

Among the remarkable manuscripts which are preserved in the library of the convent of St. Gallen there is a 'Liber Benedictionalis,' written about A. D. 1000, the contents of which throw much light, not only upon the manner of life which was led in the convents, but also upon the state of civilization at that period generally.

Ekkehard the fourth, or the younger, (born A. D. 980, died A. D. 1036), monk and schoolmaster in the convent of St. Gallen, and author of the 'Casus St. Galli,' a work which for the information it contains respecting the middle ages, especially in relation to Alemania, is of inestimable value, wrote, partly while yet a student and under the direction of his tutor Notker, and partly in his riper years, various poems of greater or shorter length, such as monumental inscriptions, titles for pictures, songs for the festivals, blessing at meals, &c., forming together a tolerable volume, which bears the name Liber Benedictionalis, and is marked No. 393 among the manuscripts of the Convent Library.

These poems are all in the Latin language, and in rhyming hexameters, so called Leonine verses, which are not remarkable for their beauty, and the meaning of which is sometimes so obscure that the author felt himself obliged to make them intelligible to his readers, by the addition of a word or two in German or Latin. But notwithstanding the imperfections in form, and the total want of poetical feeling, these poems are among the interesting works which give us a glimpse into the private life and economical relations of the middle ages. And especially is this the case with the 'Blessings at table' (benedictiones ad mensas), of which the Archæological Society of Zurich intend shortly to publish an accurate copy. The following account is taken in a great measure from the editor's preface, and contains what seems to be of greatest interest for the generality of readers.

Benedictions, or blessings, are, as is well known, those solemn acts, employed in the Mosaic worship, and adopted by the Christian religion, by which the favor and grace of God is sought upon any particular person, or thing, or action. The usual ceremony which, since the first ages of the Christian Church, has been connected with this benediction, was the sprink-

ling of holy water, and the sign of the cross. With this latter form the blessing was pronounced not only by priests on important occasions, but also by laymen at the commencement of almost every transaction of daily life. The sign of the cross was marked on the forehead and the breast, or over the object with which they were about to be employed; it was marked on coming and going, on retiring to rest, on striking a light, over arms and books, over furniture and clothes, and especially over food, of which they were about to partake.

The question may arise, whether these and similar forms of blessing were really employed in the convents not only at the commencement of the meal but for each separate dish, or whether the verses of Ekkehard are to be considered mere poetical essays. The former opinion is confirmed by the fact that the most indifferent actions, such as the putting on of a new garment, cutting the hair or the beard, and bleeding, were at that period performed not only in the convents but throughout the whole of Christendom, with certain prescribed forms of prayer. On the other hand the second opinion is undoubtedly the correct one with regard to many of Ekkehard's verses, which contain medical prescriptions, instructions regarding the effects of certain meats, and the like, and which do not at all partake of the character of blessings. Certain forms of prayer for meals are prescribed in the Benedictine rules, and in the regulations furnished to convents by the Frankish emperors. Blessings for bread, for water, and for salt, occur in various forms not only in the Latin, but also in the Anglo-Saxon language. But none of those which have survived to our time, are so complete as the Benedictions of Ekkehard.

The single verses,—there are 265 of them,—are quite unconnected with each other. Each one contains the blessing of a dish or of a beverage which has just been served. But that which gives a value to the order in which these blessings are arranged, is the circumstance that the separate groups seem to indicate the separate divisions, the courses of a meal; this consisted of the chief course, the dessert, and the symposium. It is at least tolerably clear, that the author had

the intention not only to draw up a catalogue of a number of dishes, but also to give a poetical description of a feast in all its component parts.

The most sacred of all the articles of food, namely, bread, is naturally first mentioned, and that in all its different methods of preparation, and then an equally important necessary of life, namely, salt. Then the meal commences, as is still customary in many countries, with fish; this is followed by poultry, butcher's meat, game, made dishes, and vegetables, and the meal closes with dessert and various beverages. It is not to be supposed that such a number and variety of meats and drinks would at that period have come upon a convent-table even upon great occasions; but it was the author's design that no single dish which was then known in St. Gallen should be excluded from blessing. Each separate verse names therefore an article of food, which in his lifetime was either common or rare, which the mountains or the fertile plains of Alemania produced, or which the great commercial road, which in the neighbourhood of St. Gallen wound along the valley of the Rhine, placed within the reach of the affluent.

If during the eighth and ninth centuries the greatest abstinence was ordered and strictly observed in the convents, as well with regard to the nature, as to the quantity of the food which was consumed, these institutions subsequently became the places where, after wealth and the desire of a more genial mode of life had found an entrance, the care of the outer man, and the art of preparing food attained to such a degree of cultivation, that their inhabitants excelled their contemporaries as much in the ease and refinement of their lives as they did in the paths of learning and science; and the convent kitchen was for centuries considered a school for cooks. With respect to St. Gallen the transition from the primitive simplicity and severity to variety and luxury, of which the Benedictions of Ekkehard afford a lively picture, is very striking. Even in the ninth and tenth centuries the monks were not allowed to eat any meat, although their woods were full of game and their stalls of cattle; and on account of their want of the fruits of Italy, and the high price of fish, they were compelled to live chiefly upon pulse and porridge. This porridge was so common an article of food in St. Gallen, that Gero* could not translate the word "cibi" better than by porridge, and the word "coenare" by "eating the evening porridge." The bill of fare which was drawn up by

the abbot Hartmuot, chosen A. D. 872, and according to which they lived in St. Gallen for nearly two centuries, was quite adapted to this abstemious life. It was only in respect to the beverage and the fat used in cooking that they departed from the Italian customs; instead of the half measure of wine they allowed to each person a measure of beer, and instead of oliveoil they used lard in preparing their food. Each had his separate portion of meat and drink.

But the table assumed a very different appearance, after they had commenced to eat meat, and our monk gives us a very lively picture of the kitchen and larder of a Benedictine convent eight centuries ago. If the Benedictions of Ekkehard are of the greatest interest to the antiquarian, they likewise offer many remarkable facts to the student in natural history; the more remarkable since the writings of the middle ages give but little information on the subject. The different sorts of grain were cultivated in almost greater variety than at present, and converted into bread or porridge; but in respect to fruits there was the greatest poverty, and none are mentioned except medlars. Further, a number of animals are spoken of as living in Alemania which have since entirely disappeared from that region, as the bear, the beaver, the wild horse, the buffalo, the bison, the wild goat, and the fallowdeer.

The bear is now only found in the Tessin Alps, and that but seldom; but it must in former times have been abundant in other parts, for the history of the life of St. Gallus proves that the stewards of the convent kept bear-hounds. The bear appears likewise in the Alemanian code of laws, and that as an animal which was preserved

as game.

The beaver has wholly disappeared from the rivers of Switzerland. But in the time of Conrad Gessner, A. D. 1565, it was still abundant; "the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limmat contain many; also the Birs near Basle." During the middle ages the flesh of the beaver, which might be eaten on fast-days, was a favorite article of food, and the beaver chase, for which a particular kind of hound was kept, was among the favorite sports.

Ekkehard says:

Sit feralis equi caro dulcis in hac cruce Christi.

According to Strabo, there were wild horses in the Alps; but allowing the truth of his statement, there were no longer any in the days of Pliny; far less can we suppose that a thousand years later, and when the higher regions of Switzerland were far more populous, wild horses can still have existed. They must have been

^{*} The author of a literal interlinear translation of the Rules of the Benedictines, which is among the oldest monuments of the German language, and one of the purest specimens of the Frankish dialect; the MS. dates from the eighth century. - ED. DAG.

runaway horses, roaming about wild on the Alps, which are here meant. That the Germans, and especially the Alemans, ate the flesh of horses is recorded by trustworthy writers.

Ekkehard says:

Signet vesontem benedictio cornipotentem. Dextra dei veri comes assit carnibus uri.

These lines confirm the opinion of Cuvier, that the bison (vesons) and the buffalo, (urus, Germ. brochs) are different animals. The existence of the bison in Switzerland is proved by the name of the village Wisendangen near Winterthur, formerly written (A. D. 808) Wisuntwangas (Bison chase). The buffalo is now confined to a single spot in all Europe, namely, one forest in Lithuania; but it is well ascertained that formerly it existed in Switzerland, and in the convent of Rheinau is preserved a huge silvermounted buffalo's horn.

The fallow-deer, so abundant in the forests of Switzerland in the days of Conrad Gessner, has been totally destroyed or driven away.

Ekkehard speaks of the peacock, the swan, and the crane. We learn from the orders of Charlemagne, according to which the royal farms were to be provided with peacocks, pheasant, ducks, pigeons, and doves, that the peacock, which is still eaten in England, was kept as early as the eighth century. The swan, a native of northern Europe, visits Switzerland but seldom; but in the Salic laws it is spoken of as a domestic fowl. The crane likewise is but seldom seen; but in former times it must have been preserved, since by the Alemanian code a penalty is inflicted for stealing or killing this bird. Among fish the poet mentions the Trisca (quab),* which is still so well known. How favorite a dish its liver must have been in the middle ages, is proved by the fact (vouched for in the chronicle) that the lady-abbess of the convent of St. Felix at Zurich "consumed a whole vineyard, called the golden hill, in quab-livers."

Bread and salt give Ekkehard occasion to enumerate the various kinds of bread and sauces. Among the former are several which are still common; as "panis lunatus," rolls in the shape of a half moon, made of the best wheat flour, which were eaten in the convents during lent; they are still known in various parts of Switzerland and Suabia under the name "gipfel;" further, "panis elixus," boiled bread, in the form of a ring; similar bread is still prepared. What was meant by sauce ("salsa," "salsura") may be clearly seen from the old kitchen-receipts

* A fish of very disagreeable appearance, which is abundant in the large rivers of Germany. It resembles a large toad with the tail of a fish. The meat is rarely eaten by any but the poorest persons, but the liver is esteemed a delicacy.—Ed. Dag.

published by the Literary Society in Stuttgard, according to which sauces were composed of sour grapes, sage, and garlic, or of wine, ginger, honey, pepper, and garlic.

Nor are the dietetical rules and medicinal remarks without interest; as, for instance, that mushrooms, not to be hurtful, must be boiled seven times; that hazelnuts are injurious, and garlie wholesome; that pulse is poison to a fever-patient, and that leeks are harmless only if taken with a good deal of wine; that the meat of peacocks, swans, and ducks is indigestible, and goats' milk very nourishing. The ignorance of the age is also very evident; thus the beaver is called a fish, and enumerated among fishes.

A number of the articles which are mentioned, especially fruits, indicate the vicinity of the convent to the great commercial thoroughfare to Italy, and its connexions with that country. Through the intervention of Italian monasteries, not only spiritual nourishment, such as manuscripts, pieces of music, &c., but also many temporal enjoyments, and especially rare and costly delicacies, may have reached this celebrated and much visited convent. Even if chestnuts, peaches, plums, mulberries, figs, and other fruits were already cultivated on the shores of the lake of Constance, and in the domains of the convent which bordered on the Rhine, at least melons, pomegranates, olives, almonds, lemons, dates, kidney-beans, and many other articles, were the produce of more Southern countries. And in the stewing of wine, in the cooking of the quab with mushrooms, and in the eating of these as a vegetable, we see traces of Italian customs; the same may be said of the snaring of small birds, an occupation of which the Lombardese are passionately fond, and for which they evince a decided talent.

The intercourse of central Europe as well with the distant east as with the north, is proved by the mention of many articles which were doubtless looked upon as dainties, and not easily procured; such as spices, which were used in the preparation of made dishes ("cibi arte facti") and the composition of beverages; and likewise foreign fishes, as herrings and codfish; it seems at least most probable that Ekkehard speaks of the codfish, when he says

Sit cruce millena benedicta marina balaena.

We now proceed to give a general view of the convent bill of fare; enumerating the principal fishes, and adding to each course a specimen of the pious culinary poet's verses.

He commences with a prayer that God will be pleased to preserve the guests assembled around the plentifully furnished board from all strife and contention; a prayer which will not appear by any means superfluous, if we consider how frequently in those days the most violent quarrels arose at festive meals.

Bread.

Omne genus panis repleat benedictio donis. Triticeum panem faciat crux pestis inanem.

Breadcake, pies, moon-shaped bread, boiled bread, toasted bread strewed with salt, egg-bread, yeast-bread, leavened bread, bran-bread, wheat bread, rye-bread, oaten-bread, barley-bread, new baked bread, cold and warm bread, bread baked in the ashes. After all the kinds of bread have been enumerated, there follows a blessing to be spoken over the crumbs, which are not to be wasted, or unworthily employed.

ffishes.

Piscis sit gratus crucis hac virtute notatus. Salmo potens piscis sit sanus et aptus in escis.

Codfish, huso, salmon and salmon-trout, quab, pike, lamprey, the various kinds of trout, herring, lesser lamprey, eel, perch, crawfish, peppered fish, shad, groundling, gudgeon, beaver, sturgeon.

Birds.

Crux benedicat avem faciatque sapore suavem. Nil noceat stomachis caro non digesta pavonis.

Peacock, pheasant, swan, goose, crane, duck, quail, pigeon, wood-pigeon and other kinds of doves, fowl, capon, chicken, ptarmigan, small birds caught in snares.

Meats.

Sub cruce divinâ caro sit benedicta bovina. Christe crucis signum depinxeris hune super agnum.

Beef, veal, mutton, lamb, goat's flesh, kid, oxshoulder (roasted or boiled), pork (roasted or boiled), ham, pig, bacon, hashed meat, boar, meat first boiled and then roasted.

Game.

Sub cruce divinà sapiat bene quæque ferina. Et semel et rursus cruce sit medicabilis ursus.

Bear, wild boar, deer and doe, bison, buffalo, wild horse, fallow deer, roebuck and hind, fawn, wild goat, chamois (boiled and roasted), hare, marmot.

Dessert.

Hoc pigmentatum faciat crux addita gratum. Crux domini pisas descendat in has numerosas.

Milk, cheese, cheese with honey, pepper and wine, goat's milk, honey-comb, mulberry jam of

dark and white mulberries, mulberry wine, spiced mead, pounded herbs, spices, bran-cakes, eggs, beans, chickpeas, vetches, lentils, pulse, kidney beans.

fruits.

Da Petre de Româ sint mitia cedria poma. Castaneas molles fac qui super omnia polles.

Apples, olives, lemons, figs, dates, grapes, pomegranates, pears, medlars, quinces, chestnuts, peaches, plums, cherries, sour cherries, hazelnuts, walnuts.

Vegetables.

Hoc holeris semen stomacho fac Christe levamen. Saepius elixos repleat benedictio fungos.

Roots, herbs, boiled and raw leeks, boiled mushrooms, cabbage of all kinds, melons, garlic, pumpkins, lettuce, herbs cut up in vinegar (salad).

Beberages.

Vina vetustatis bona sint simul et novitatis. Non bene provisae confusio sit cerevisae.

Wine, must (new wine not fermented), new and old wine, wine mixed with honey and spices, cider, mulberry-wine, mulled wine, mead, honeywine, beer, water.

We see that even travelling princes might be content with the fare of a table served according to the rules of St. Benedict, and if they were disposed to criticize it would assuredly not be the pious verses of the convent-poet, which doubtless they swallowed whether they understood them or not. But it is solely to this pious custom of pronouncing benedictions that we owe this peep into the habits of that remote age. Antiquity thought not of describing its life and manners; it thought the existing state of things too natural to imagine any necessity for it. It was reserved for our time, which is always looking forward as well as backwards, to record for the benefit of posterity how we lived and what we ate. Ekkehard's "benedictiones ad mensas," composed for holy service, and the long bills of fare published (no one knows for what purpose,) by the High Steward of the Hannoverian Court, are equally characteristic of the two ages.

- Morgenblatt.

SWITZERLAND.

Die Schweiz und ihre Zustände. Reise erinnerungen. (Switzerland and its Condition. Recollections of Travel.) By Theodore Mugge. Hanover: 1847.

The stream of events, which in Switzerland has for a long time past been hurrying onward with ever increasing rapidity, has at length dashed down the cataract of civil war, and is now once more moving on in silence, if not in peace.

The victory of what is called the Radical party, has been more rapid and complete than its most sanguine adherents could have anticipated — we would we could believe that in their cause had triumphed also the sacred cause of justice, of enlightened civilization, freedom, and humanity.

But however agreeable this belief would be, and though the conduct of their opponents has not been such as to excite any very warm sympathy in their behalf, we cannot comfort ourselves with the opinion that in the present instance the might and the right have exactly coincided: and it appears to us that there are few instances in which party spirit has more obviously been allowed to warp the judgment than in the recent efforts made by some of the Liberal party in England, to justify the recent conduct of those who pass by the same appellation in Switzerland. There has been an apparent inclination to overlook the real causes of dispute, and by bringing forward questions wholly irrelevant, in which it was not difficult to make the Sonderbund party appear in the wrong, to come to a conclusion which had nothing to do with the question originally proposed.

We are not called upon in this case to determine the relative tendencies of Catholicism and Protestantism, of a conservative or progressive policy, or to decide on the wisdom of those who wish to place the education of their children in the hands of the Jesuits. The Catholic party have merely attempted to maintain what appears the indefeasible right of having their children instructed by whom and in what manner they please. If the Diet considered the presence of the Jesuits irreconcilable with the cause of order and good government in Switzerland, such a difference of opinion might give cause for a revision or even a dissolution of the Federal Pact, but would not give the stronger party a right, in direct defiance of that Pact, to force their opinions upon the smaller and weaker, whose rights

of sovereignty within their own lands were as distinctly recognized as their own.

The charges of attempting to make out a favorable case for the Diet (or rather the small majority of the Diet, into whose hands the fate of the country has been thrown), is one of which we cannot wholly acquit a writer likely to command the respectful attention of many readers. In a series of letters on Switzerland, which have appeared in the 'Spectator,' and have since been separately published, the author, Mr. Grote, says, "If the Sonderbund is to be characterized as an effect resulting from the expeditions of the Free Corps, those expeditions resulted even more directly from the peculiar train of events which preceded them in 1843-1844;" thus giving it vaguely to be understood, that they may find in those events their justification. Now, we need refer to no other authority than his own for an account of those events; we may even assume that the insurrections in Soleure and Aargau really were encouraged by the known sympathy of the party in Lucerne. It is not even pretended that any direct assistance was afforded by it, or any illegal interference with the affairs of another canton attempted. Of the insurgents who fled to Lucerne for refuge after their defeat, some, he admits, were seized and tried before the ordinary courts of justice. The misconduct of the monks, who encouraged the insurrection, was a reason for punishing the individuals, but not for suppressing the convents, any more than the crimes of the Duke de Praslin would be for suppressing the order of nobility to which he belonged. This act was the first direct violation of the Federal Pact, which contains an article expressly guaranteeing the perpetuity of the convents.

Eventually, as our readers know, Aargau was compelled, even by the Diet, to restore four out of the eight. "The Government of Aargau," says Mr. Grote, "having at first done wrong, made expiation, and put itself right with the Diet;" and again, "the Diet interfered, in my judgment, quite as far as was necessary in procuring the restitution of the four convents." Yet it is not easy to see, if it were wrong to suppress eight, how it should be right to suppress four, and we cannot wonder that this reparation was not thought sufficient. If a man were to be robbed of five pounds, we should hardly expect he would be perfectly satisfied if the robber afterwards offered to restore him two pounds ten

In the next paragraph of the same letter Mr. Grote shifts his ground, asks whether the Catholies were gainers or losers by the suppression of the convents, and enumerates some of the evils commonly supposed by Protestants to result from these institutions, as if that were the point under

The invasion of Lucerne by the Free Corps is too bad to be openly defended. It is at once admitted to be a "flagrant political wrong;" the Diet, we are told, "strongly condemned the proceeding," but the excitement had been too great to be restrained, "and some of the Cantonal Governments had no sincere desire to restrain it." The second invasion took place more than three months after the first, so that one might think there was time for popular excitement to subside, yet the governments of Berne, Soleure, Bale-Campagne, and Aargau, all connived at these proceedings. The invaders, volunteers from these cantons, were numerous, and provided with artillery; and Lucerne was only saved by having previously formed an alliance, for the purpose of defence, with Uri, Zug, and Unterwalden. It was the arrival of contingents from these allies, after Colonel Ochsenbein and his "Free Companions," with their cannon, had reached the suburbs of Lucerne, that alone enabled her to defeat and expel the invaders.

The indirect approval which the Diet gave to this atrocious proceeding, by raising Colonel Ochsenbein to be president of the Diet, and Chief Magistrate of Berne, was scandalous enough to excite a general expression of indignation; but for this also, the author of the 'Letters from Switzerland' has an excuse. "We must remember," he says, "that Colonel Ochsenbein sees on his left hand, as Deputy of Lucerne, M. Barnard Meyer, the director and instrument of Lucerne politics in the conspiracy of Valais;"very much the reply often made to an accusation in the streets by "Young London." Whatever the non-complimentary epithet may be, "you're another" is thought sufficient reply, although, of course, the truth of the first proposition is thus clearly admitted. There is also a great difference between the position of the President of the Federal Assembly and that of the Deputy of an individual canton.

The wrong committed by the free corps was one which struck at the root, not merely of the Helvetic confederacy, but of all civilized society; - but Mr. Grote pleads that, "though the wrong cannot be denied, it was, in its nature, essentially transitory:"-like the young lady who, in excuse for the mal-a-propos appearance of a baby, modestly suggested that it was "a very little one."

Diet for the expulsion of the Jesuits - it is obvious the question is, as we have already said, not the character of the order of Jesuits, or the good or evil likely to result from its influence, but the competence of the Diet to issue any such mandate. But here again, as in the case of the convents, Mr. Grote goes out of his way to show us "that the whole past history of the Jesuits, from the commencement of the order, betokens an organized and systematic teaching of religion, not for religious ends, but as a means for procuring political and social ascendency: "-"that for this cause the Catholic world protested against them in the last century, and the opponents of the order protest against them in this: "-in short, "Every body says so." "It is to be remarked," adds Mr. Grote, "that the name of Jesuit cannot be heard on the continent without a cluster of odious associations derived from the past, and that the proclamation, 'The Jesuits are coming!' is really more terrific than the men so called, when they stand before you in flesh and blood." No doubt it is. Whatever may be the sins of the Jesuits, there can be no question but that their name has been, and is, often made use of as a mere word of fear to frighten grown children with - as the name of the Duke of Wellington, we are told, was, some years ago, among nurses in France; and many of the goblin tales concerning the order are probably about as true as the description of his Grace in the nursery song: -

> "Tall he is, as a Rouen steeple, And his teeth like iron saws, Breakfasts, dines on naughty people, Crunches babies in his jaws.

As for the degree of culpability which may attach to the formation of the Separate League; if we agree with Mr. Grote, that "whatever censure the government of M. Neuhaus may deserve for their connivance at the expedition of the Corps Francs, in the state of widespread excitement which preceded the 1st of April, their interference would probably have been of little effect" - then surely no reasonable blame can attach to the Sonderbund for endeavouring to secure themselves from a repetition of such an outrage, and affording themselves the protection which the Federal Government was unable to afford them.

In the volume before us, the picture of the social, moral, and physical condition of the cantons during the year preceding the war throws much light on the events that have subsequently occurred, and on what may prove to have been the last hour of the existence of the Swiss Confederacy.

The author is one long well known in Ger-With respect to the mandate issued by the many, though, we believe, not yet to English readers, to whom, however, the interest of the subject he has chosen will now, perhaps, afford a favorable opportunity of introducing him.

Few countries in Europe have claims to attention so many and various as those of Switzerland, yet it has been its singular fate, while it has been more visited than almost any other, to be less generally understood. Its rocks and glaciers, and roaring torrents and blue lakes, the magnificence of its mountains, and the charms of its pastoral valleys, have been gazed at and described until the returning tourist has become a terror to his friends. The name of their William Tell is a household word over all Europe, and been repeated till - in sheer weariness, we must imagine - our critical German friends have taken to declaring "they don't believe there ever was any such person." But few have concerned themselves much with the subsequent fate of a people with whose early struggles they have felt so warm a sympathy, and the only class of the Swiss people with which strangers have formed much acquaintance has been that of the landlords and postilions. It is not very uncommon to hear the cantons spoken of as if they were provinces, and the Diet regarded in the light of a House of Parliament; instead of which it is a Congress of Ambassadors, who do but obey exactly the instructions given on every question, and have no further authority than is afforded by the Federal Pact, or Treaty of Alliance.

Even the physical character of Switzerland is often mistaken, from the circumstance of tourists running so nearly in the same tract. It is by no means entirely a land of high mountains. The cantons of Aargau, Thurgau, Schaffhausen, Basel, Zurich, and even part of Berne and St. Gallen, present little more than the gentle hills of the neighbouring Wurtemberg and Baden, which, indeed, in the Black Forest, can show far more rugged and mountainous districts. They are merely Steppe countries, whose highest summits do not exceed two thousand feet. The range extending from the south of the canton of Freyburg to the lake of Constance, including the Rigi, and reaching to a height of 5,500 feet, may be considered to form the first mountain girdle of Switzerland. Southward of this, from the Lake of Geneva, stretches another and loftier range, forming Mount Pilate, and the Schwyz mountains, and terminating with the Santis peaks on the Rhine. The third mountain wall lies still further south, running from Savoy through the Bernese Oberland, which it separates from the Valais. In this range rise the enormous masses of the Schneehorn, the Finster Aarhorn, the Jungfrau, &c., whose peaks are covered with everlasting snow and ice, and

which link themselves with the mightiest chain of primitive granite and gneiss, which fill the Tyrol, and separate Switzerland from Italy. Towards the plains of Lombardy the descent is rapid and abrupt, forming a striking contrast with the gradual rise on the northern side.

Berne, Aargau, Zurich, Basel, and all the most important towns, lie in the milder and less elevated region, and it is not till we have passed this that we find ourselves in the true pastoral

highlands.

The populations occupying western Switzerland and the shores of the Lake of Geneva speak French. The German language prevails over all the north and east; at the foot of the St. Gotthard, the Splugen, and the Simplon, it meets the Italian: and in the Grisons a dialect of the Latin, the Romansch, is chiefly used.

To this difference of language and physical character is added a still greater diversity in mode of life and occupation, in social institutions and religious faith, and, we may even add, in forms of government, for at all events, until lately, the cantons of Switzerland, though all bearing the same common name of Republic, comprehended almost every variety, from the most complete democracy, through various forms of oligarchy, up even to the limits of absolute monarchy in Prussian Neufchatel.

Instead, therefore, of wondering that a confederacy composed of so many heterogeneous materials should not always remain perfectly united, we shall be rather inclined to ask, what is the powerful bond which has hitherto cemented together elements so discordant. We believe that bond to be a deep and well-grounded conviction in the minds of the Swiss, that whatever may be the defects of their political institutions, they are, beyond comparison, preferable to those of the countries by which they are surrounded; and although the organs of arbitrary governments, in the German press in particular, lose no opportunity of expressing themselves shocked at the commotions of Switzerland, and of thanking heaven that they are "not as these men." yet the Swiss themselves are often greatly amused at the pity bestowed upon them, and could be tempted, by no possible inducement, to exchange a system which affords them so many solid advantages for tranquillity beneath a paternal gripe like that of Austria.

The unhappy dissensions to which the country is at present a prey need not make us forget the whole previous course of its history; and if we compare the amount of suffering experienced by Switzerland from war and civil discord in the five hundred years during which the Confederacy has subsisted, with that endured by any monarchy in the same period, the result of the comparison will certainly not be in favor of the latter.

One of the first symptoms by which the author perceived that he had entered the Swiss territory, although the soil and its productions, the people and their language, were exactly similar, was the negative blessing of the absence on the frontier of gens d'armes, or customhouse officers, and the pleasant consciousness that neither he nor his luggage would have to be subjected to scrutiny in search of passports or contraband goods. He learned also that in the republic of Schaffhausen, which he had now entered, the taxes paid by the inhabitants did not amount to more than about eighteen pence a head per annum, while their neighbours across the frontier, who rejoice in a Grand Duke, pay eight times that amount.

But how short-lived is human happiness! M. Mugge soon found that though the imposts of the government were light, those of the innkeepers were enormously heavy.

In the little town of Schaffhausen, one of the branches of industry carried on with the greatest vigor is the "exploitation" of strangers who come to gaze at the beauties of the falls of the Rhine; and the approach of the migratory flocks of travellers is watched for as anxiously in its season as in some other countries that of the birds or fish, which make an important part of the people's subsistence. "A fine summer brings thousands of the welcome gold-scattering guests - a bad one keeps them back; and since every Swiss brings with him into the world as an original instinct, the propensity to money-making, it is an occasion of national mourning when the state of the weather seems to threaten a bad harvest of tourists." It is hardly necessary to say, that the concourse of idle visitors tends in Switzerland, as everywhere else, greatly to the demoralization of the people, and is unquestionably one of the obstacles in the way of their happiness and true progress.

The extortions of innkeepers had, it seems, at one time risen to such a height, as to threaten to work its own cure by depriving them of their accustomed prey; and they found it expedient to enter into a coalition, and agree to carry on their predatory occupation for the future with more moderation, since when, travellers enjoy the advantage of regular though severe laws, in place of being subjected to uncertain piracy. The allied innkeepers, whose names are to be found in most guide books, have established a price current, according to which every guest is to be fleeced; and whether his dinner be good or bad, abundant or scanty, he has the satisfaction of always knowing what he is to pay for it.

At the moment of M. Mugge's arrival, the

city of Schaffhausen was preparing for the celebration of a festival of one of those many associations for rifle-shooting, music, or other purposes, ostensibly of amusement, which have arisen in Switzerland since 1815, and which have had, he thinks, no small share in bringing about the subsequent movements, "by contributing to keep alive the consciousness of freedom, and a feeling of brotherhood among the citizens of different cantons."

The ruling powers have not been blind, however, to the dangerous opportunities these meetings might afford - indeed have afforded - for the expression of discontent, and the formation of societies for very different purposes; but they could not attempt to suppress them; and the radicals, who have gained so entirely the upper hand in the largest cantons, have mostly been distinguished members of these associations. Counsellors, deputies, presidents, and burgomasters, have been taken from their ranks, and the societies have served as props to their power, and rallying points in time of danger; "but the old aristocrats have always kept aloof from them, and the great majority of their members has always consisted of young men of the middle classes."

"The present meeting at Schaffhausen was on the occasion of a musical festival, to be celebrated on the 14th and 15th of June, 1846, and guests were streaming in from far and near, not merely from various parts of Switzerland, but also from Germany.

"The quiet old town was dressed out in all the holiday finery that could be mustered; the old stone houses were hung all over with garlands of leaves and flowers, which were also sometimes suspended across the street; and the gates were decorated till they looked like triumphal arches; and mottoes and sentences—some of welcome to the visitors, some to the honor and glory of Switzerland, and sometimes exhortations to unity, or to faithfulness, and devotion to the cause of liberty, were introduced in a hundred places through which the throng was pouring in—in carriage, on foot, or in steamboat.

"On the great market-place of the town, called the Herrenacker, or Lords' Field — where, in former days, knights and nobles held tournaments — was erected, at the expense of the city, the grand banqueting booth, where eight or nine hundred of the singers and their friends were entertained till a late hour of the night, and where were made the political speeches, never wanting at any Swiss meeting. There were, of course, a good many oratorical flourishes, introduced to tickle the vanity of the auditory; but there were also many a true, earnest, and kindling word uttered, that would not be readily forgotten.

"The president of the association, M. Schenkel, made a very animated speech, in which he extolled his native country as having been for ages an island of freedom, and refuge for many who might have perished in the political storms of surrounding nations. He declared that Switzerland was resolved never to shrink from any struggle which should lie in the way to a true victory, and feared only torpor, indifference, and a peace which was the peace of the grave.

"Several speakers rose after him, who spoke forcibly on the subject of the present dissensions; and a M. Bentz, from Zurich, pronounced a philippic against the Jesuits and their allies, who would fain keep the people in ignorance and slavery, and establish their own power on the ruins of Switzerland. A school director, from Aargau, 'followed on the same side,' warning the people against narrow-mindedness, spiritual darkness, lies, Jesuits, and Jesuitism, and declaring he saw the symptoms of a renewal of social harmony, in the love of music that had that day brought them together. The Landaurman of Aarau condemned the caprice and insincerity of party, and exhorted his hearers to remain true to their personal convictions. The best of the really popular speakers were two clergymen, from the banks of the lake of Zurich, who made very humorous speeches, full of allusions, that were taken up with enthusiasm by the assembly."

To M. Mugge, as a German, there was something striking and attractive in the bold, free tone of the speakers on this occasion—their calling things at once by their names, instead of seeking to envelop their meaning in a thousand ambiguous coverings—and in the circumstance of their addressing themselves to the assembled people, without any one fearing any of the awful consequences which, in Germany, are supposed to result from their participation in political knowledge. "In Switzerland it is by no means necessary to be a radical to admit that the people have a full right to hear whatever their fellow citizens may have to say to them."

The early history of the country, and the memory of the men who laid the foundation of its freedom, are sure to find a place among the stock topics of orators on these occasions. The valor, the fidelity, the purity of morals, the unquenchable love of liberty which belong, or are supposed to belong, to the character of the Confederates, form appropriate subjects for compliment; and William Tell, Winkelried, or some other hero of the olden time, never fails to make his appearaance in due season, and to produce his due effect. "William Tell is the weak side of the Swiss; they believe in him as in the Gospel, and will not yield to criticism one iota of his story; although it is in fact a matter of very little consequence to them whether such a person as the marksman of Uri ever lived or no."

Against this opinion of Herr Mugge we must take leave to protest; and the acknowledged powers of German criticism could, in our opin-

ion, scarcely be worse employed than in endeavouring to extinguish the glory of a name that has kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of successive generations for five hundred years. In the present divided and distracted state of Switzerland, there are but too few of such rallying points for the affections.

The enthusiasm with which the Swiss, sober as they are, look back to this period of their history, was exemplified on this occasion by the applause they bestowed on certain broad-shouldered men of Schaffhausen, who, attired in the costume of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, — with long beards and enormous halberts, and looking appropriately grim, — were planted at the gates which the choruses of singers had to pass through, and greeted, as the play-bills have it, with immense applause."

We pass the remainder of the festival, and the natural but delusive anticipations of the restoration of peace and good-will in the hearts of those who could thus unite, for purposes of social and refined enjoyment, to accompany the traveller to Zurich, "the intellectual centre of German Switzerland."

Few if any of the Cantons are more favored by nature, for fertility of soil and mildness of climate. To its abundant productiveness in corn and wine and fruit, and the active industry which secures its material prosperity, it unites the advantage of a greater unity among the inhabitants, who are nearly all Protestants of German race, and followers of their native reformer, Zwinglius.

"Few great towns in Switzerland can boast of environs of such surpassing beauty; the country round is like one great garden full of orchards and vineyards, cornfields and rich plantations of every kind. Not a spot of waste land is to be seen, and every foot of ground has yielded its tribute to the industrious hand of man; while scattered all round lie the clean, neat, comfortable dwellings of the owners of these industrious hands. Along the two shores of the lake of Zurich, runs a continued chain of country houses, manufactories, farms, villages, peasants' cottages, and the dwellings of industrious weavers and artisans. The city seems to throw out two arms around the bright water - polypus arms of prosperity and industry, which reach even into the lap of the mountains.

"Fine roads run along both shores of the lake, which form the frontiers of several Cantons, and meet in Zurich, which in the course of the last fifteen years has begun a new era of political life. The ancient walls and bastions have been broken down; the remains of the dark prison tower on the lake, which has so often echoed to the sighs of the victims of the old aristocracy, have sunk in its waves, and a new and brighter day of freedom has dawned upon the people.

"There are indeed still among the old citizens

carry a square sail, but on these mountain lakes these require the greatest caution—as sudden squalls often break through the rocky clefts and ravines, which throw the waters into such violent commotion as to compel all vessels to run immediately for shelter."

"The lake of the Four Cantons, though lying about thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is nine hundred feet deep in some parts; in breadth very unequal. It is hemmed in by rocks from six to eight thousand feet high—of wild and magnificent form. On the banks of this beautiful lake the formations of sandstone separate from the chalk, which lies heaped upon

its southern shores in vast piles.

"This lake is both geographically and historically the centre of Switzerland, and around its basin lie the four states which formed the first confederacy. Lucerne occupies the west; looking down the deep bays to the right we see the towers of Stanz, the principal town, or rather village, of Unterwalden; following the winding of the lake to its southern point Uri lies before us; and on the left rise the summits of Küssnacht and Rigi, beneath which, on the declivities of its mountains, reposes the beautiful canton of Schwyz. No other lake equals it in grandeur of scenery, or in variety of light and shade; in snowy peaks and glaciers, lovely meadows, valleys whose deep rich green contrasts alternately with the dark forest and dark gray naked rock, or the fertile sunny spots along its margin.'

"This rapid change of scenery is, however, one of the peculiar characteristics of Switzerland, where fat cattle graze up to the very edge of the glaciers, and fruit trees blossom almost

overhung by ice and snow."

"It is scarcely possible at a distance to conceive how these minikin pastoral states could ever have been able to offer the resistance they did to the Dukes of Austria. But at the sight of the steep rocky paths, the narrow passes, the deep valleys, with their smooth inaccessible walls, we cease to wonder at this, or at their similar success in the obstinate struggle with the French, in 1798. A few hundred men could in many places easily maintain their ground against as many thousands. Behind projecting points of rock they might take aim and load and re-load deliberately, long before a foe less acquainted with the country could find the way to ascend the heights. In the attack on Stanz, for instance, at the above mentioned period, an old man with his two sons-in-law, supported by their wives and children, who loaded their guns for them, shot hundreds of the French before they could find the path, by which they at last reached and surrounded the heroic family, but then bayonet and sabres did their work on every member of it. Against 20,000 of these men, properly armed, on their native mountains, the best army in Europe could do nothing. Their artillery and cavalry would be totally useless."

The canton of Unterwalden, small as it is, is divided into two half-cantons — Niedwald and Obwald — each of which has its general assem-

bly, its great and small councils, and other independent authorities. Nature has dertermined that it shall be, like Uri and Schwyz, wholly a land of herdsmen; cheese and butter are made in abundance, and cattle and wood also bring in money. The rushing mountain torrents set in motion more than forty saw-mills, and there has been a cotton-mill erected, besides paper-mills, rope-manufactories, &c., though these establishments are only in their infancy, and they have been chiefly set on foot by the monks of Engelberg and of other convents.

"The inhabitants live in small villages and scattered farms; there is no such thing as a town in all Obwald; whose inhabitants, cut off from the world, and following their cattle along their elevated valleys and Alpine pastures, are usually content to leave to the monks the care of all other temporal affairs, as well as the welfare of their souls. The monks have money and lands, and take very good care that no one meddles with their revenues; and they have it also in their power to prevent the establishment of any rivals to their commercial undertakings. With the few influential families they are on the best possible terms; and the mass of the people is so dependent, so humble, and so pious, that the abbot or the priest may say what he pleases, and be always sure that his words will be listened to as the commands of God."

The separation of Unterwalden took place as early as the year 1366, and its condition is very little altered from what it was at that remote period. Whatever changes were effected during the brief dominion of the Helvetic republic, were immediately reversed on its overthrow, and the state of things restored which had subsisted for ages past.

"It seems as if for these cantons time had been annihilated; the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries still hang over these mountains, and bring forth the men as unchanged as the herbs and grass beneath their feet. The men of Unterwalden and Uri live as their forefathers did; they have little book learning, and desire no more; they have faith in their Great Council and their Little Council, their Weekly Council and their Council Extraordinary, and willingly abandon to a few families all claim to offices of government, especially as these are either miserably ill paid, or not paid at all.

"In this circumstance lies one of the chief causes why the caste of reigning families has established itself so firmly in Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and all the small cantons. None but people of some property can undertake the offices of government; and many of these are given for life, and sometimes even pass as if by inheritance from father to son, or at all events remain in the circle of certain families, which becoming allied by blood and marriage, form an indissoluble league firmly united in the resolution to allow

of no innovations."

those who sigh for the good old times, and shake their heads mournfully as they contemplate the place where their fortified gates once stood. Many have for years not been able to resolve to set foot on any of these desecrated spots, though it is very hard to know what in fact they are grieving about. The old town of Zurich, with its dull narrow streets, and tall, gloomy, old houses, whose narrow windows admit scarcely any light, is assuredly no agreeable place of abode.

"But on the site of the ancient fortifications, magnificent mansions are to be found, built quite in the modern style, with gardens and all improvements. Far-stretching streets and roads, that reach up to the declivity of the mountain, stately public buildings—as, for instance, the Cantonal School, and the New Hospital, bearing witness to the impulse which its young freedom has given to their city—might, one would think, console these worshippers of the past for their lost privileges, and if they could be induced to reflect on the transitory nature of all earthly advantages, teach them not to think of these as of a property of which they have been robbed.

"The Commune of Hottingen, with its beautiful buildings, raising its head as if in triumph above the old town, is wholly the work of the last fifteen years. This is the place to live in for any one who wishes to make any stay in Zurich, and to become well acquainted with the country. A stranger will find himself more pleasantly situated here than in any other part of Switzerland. Zurich is not only most distinguished for intellectual activity, and the residence of many men of eminent attainments, it is also the gayest and most pleasure-taking place in the country, is surrounded with coffee gardens and taverns, whose name is legion, and which, by their beautiful situation, offer the greatest attraction to the visitor."

Zurich has been particularly favored in the beauty of its position. It lies on the point of transition, just where the gentle hills begin to assume a mountainous character. The hill on the eastern shore of the lake, on whose slope lies the village of Hottingen, is not more than six hundred feet high; but on the south-west the waters bathe the foot of the Albis chain, whose summits reach a height of nearly three thousand feet above the sea. From these we obtain the first glimpse into the mountain world of the chalk formation - the Rigi and Mount Pilate, the peaks and horns of Schwyz, and the mountains of Glarus and St. Gallen - seldom visible, however, for Zurich, unless at sunset, or before rain, when the atmosphere has a peculiar transparency.

One of the circumstances most striking to a stranger in Zurich, is the evidence of republican equality afforded by the mixture of ranks in the beer and coffee-houses. Reigning burgomasters, deputies, judges, presidents, counsellors — all the

first men of the radical party—are to be met with smoking their modest cigars and drinking their unpretending beer.

"By this abolition of all attempts at exclusiveness Zurich gains much in freedom of movement and amalgamation of different classes, which must lead to good results, and is perfectly in harmony with a republic."

Whether it may be judicious in the chiefs of a republic thus to cast aside all the dignity of office, is a point that may, nevertheless, admit of discussion. The "divinity that doth hedge" a burgomaster can, we apprehend, hardly bear such familiarity, and they might, perhaps, be wiser to keep their state and eschew the beershops.

The following passage gives a pleasing picture of the condition of the people: —

"On a fine bright Sunday Zurich is full of life and movement. Troops of well dressed people are seen pouring out over the hills and meadows, or the beautiful shores of the lake, while other pleasure-seekers float about in gaily decked boats and gondolas on its blue surface, or crowd the numerous and picturesque places of public resort, and the prosperity of the city is evidenced by the dress of the ladies and gentlemen, the style of the carriages and horses, and the mass of the people who are abroad in search of enjoyment."

The coffee-houses serve, it seems, as what artisans denominate "houses of call" for the various political opinions. Every one knows where his friends and partisans are to be found, and many of the citizens of Zurich find it, according to our author, indispensable to their happiness to visit some one of these places every evening to drink coffee, read the papers, and play at the interesting and intellectual game of dominoes.

As these are, however, pleasures, which, however delightful in enjoyment, are apt to be somewhat tiresome in description — we pass at once to the very different scenes presented by the still life of pastoral Switzerland.

"I went down the lake of the Four Cantons in a steamer to Brunnen, the landing place for Schwyz, and if any of the Swiss lakes resemble the flords of Norway, it is this, with its high, rocky, wildly romantic shores, its deep bays and groups of firs crowning the most precipitous crags, and its air of profound loneliness. The old method of traversing these waters, by sail or oar, is both more expensive and more uncertain, for the art of navigation in either way is in its infancy here. The craft is of the clumsiest description, keel boats are unknown - oars are used crossed - the man standing and pushing them from him with arms and breast - a method of rowing that must be excessively fatiguing. The heaviest of the vessels employed sometimes surrounded by cripples, by cretins, by ragged children, who regard the traveller as their regular prey, and never cease their importunate song till they are silenced with a piece of money. Many of these urchins have parents by no means in a destitute condition, but they consider it as absolutely meritorious to levy this toll upon a stranger, and the parents often rejoice at seeing these talents for business thus early manifested by their offspring. Many, however, appear to be really in want, notwithstanding the assistance of the convents and the numerous charitable institutions; and there can be no doubt that the frequent holidays of the Catholic Church contribute much to the increase of poverty. One is enchanted with the poetical descriptions of this country, its alpine shepherds and verdant vales, and icy mountains and glaziers, and thundering waterfalls; its grazing cattle, and the music of the Ranz des Vaches among the hills; but how mournfully is one undeceived at the aspect of these hordes of ragged beggars, the dirt of the Senne huts, and the greedy, covetous ways of their inhabitants, who will not offer a stranger so much as a glass of milk or a piece of bread without expecting an enormous payment."

This is somewhat at variance with the above remark on the "simple and uncorrupted race of men to be found in the remote valleys." The Senne, or herdsmen's huts, we presume, are not situated on the high roads. Many of these beggars, it appears, come from the South of Germany as pilgrims, attracted by the reputation of the sacred shrine of Einsiedeln, and other places, and are induced to remain in this part of Switzerland by the advantages it affords, from the number of travellers, for their peculiar branch of industry. They are also, of course, encouraged by the assistance they receive at the convents.

On the mischief of this recognition of mendicancy there can be little difference of opinion; but the problem is not solved by having poverty merely hunted down and trodden out of sight, as it often is in great cities. Our sight is not offended by a throng of destitute suppliants at our church doors; but is it because there is less destitution, or because it has less hope of relief?

In the canton of Unterwalden there are, it appears, no less than five convents, though the communities are mostly small. The most considerable is that of Engelberg.

"High up in the lap of the mountains, encircled by wild rocks, lies the rich and ancient Benedictine monastery of Engelberg, surrounded by the village of the same name. These Benedictines educate the children of the principal families of Unterwalden. They also carry on a considerable trade, and the abbot has found means to maintain the lands of the Church in tolerable independence of the state, to which he pays only a fixed yearly sum. In former days

the abbots were called sovereign lords of Engelberg, and had the power of princes; but these fine old times are gone by. The abbey has often had within its walls princes, and even emperors, and has seen its days of feasting and rejoicing; but now the monks are more modest in their deportment, and seek a more artful method of securing their influence and position. The parish priests of the communes have very small salaries - scarcely ever more than 400 guilders (about £33); but they manage matters so that the pious gifts of their penitents always keep their larders and cellars well supplied; and the Capuchins plunder the country all round in their begging expeditions. The richer and more cultivated Benedictines know how to employ their capital; - they farm Alps, give instructions, and trade in cloth and various kinds of wares, by means of their agents and commission-

"From Engelberg you obtain the most magnificent views of the mountains, and whoever has a mind to ascend the Titlis, may here find skilful and trusty guides. Beyond this ridge lies the Bernese Oberland, which may be reached by a wild pass: another still wider between fields of everlasting snow, and Alpine peaks of nine or ten thousand feet high, leads to Altorf, in the canton of Uri; and a descent of nine long Swiss miles brings you to the land of Tell, whose memory still meets the traveller at every turn.

"The whole story of the renowned shot of the apple is painted on the walls of an old tower; a figure of Tell, with his cross-bow, is placed at the spring, which tradition says is the precise spot where it was taken; the place is shown where his house stood; in short, the people could be induced to part with the story on no consideration whatever, and woe betide the traveller who should be ill-advised enough to hint a doubt of its truth."

The little canton of Uri appears to be in almost every respect the twin-brother of Unterwalden. There is the same wild splendor of scenery—

"Mountains piled on mountains to the skies,"-

the same lovely sheltered valleys, with their quiet and picturesque cottages hanging on every declivity, sometimes alone, sometimes clustering in little hamlets, - the same constitution of society, - the same manners arising out of it; only here and there a breath of Italian summer seems to have found its way into Uri, and ripened peaches and melons in favored spots. On some of the slopes of the St. Gotthard, the Italian language, too, is heard, and sparkling black eyes, and sharply cut features, proclaim the approach of a different race. The shepherds of these mountains are still remarkable for strength and agility, as they are described to have been in early times; and these are qualities which their mode of life of course tends much to en-

Our readers perhaps may be inclined to ask how it has happened that a form of government, which on a superficial glance appears the extreme of democracy, should, while the letter remains the same, in spirit have become so much the reverse? We believe it arose in this way.* On first gaining their independence the cantons registered the names of all the inhabitants, and assigned to each a portion of land; but they were registered by their names according to families, and not to the districts they inhabited, and, therefore, though it was settled at that time that the whole body of citizens beyond the age of sixteen should be members of the General Assembly, in which the sovereign power resided, as the number of original families declined this necessarily became smaller and smaller. Since 1681 no one in Unterwalden has been allowed to obtain citizenship by purchase. The jealousy with which this right is guarded is at least intelligible, when we consider that all who are recognised as citizens have a right to share in the wood, hay, and pastures of the Alps of the commune, and the old corporation is, of course, unwilling to admit new claimants. Those who, in addition to these rights of the commune, possess Alps and forests of their own, are the capitalists of the country, in whose hands, or in those of their families, the government has lain from time immemorial.

It is, of course, not very easy for property to be dissipated among a people whose customs and mode of life are so simple, and of the communal lands nothing can be alienated.

Women as well as men enjoy the economical, if not the political rights of commonalty, but either must be of the age of twenty-five years, and have "light and fire" of their own, as not heads but fire-hearths are counted, as among the Tartar tribes who count the population by kettles. It is common, for this reason, for young men and women to keep house for themselves, and even those who go out to work for others have always a little abode of their own, that they may not lose the advantages of their birthright. They generally come home on the Saturday night, and make fire and light in their habitations for this purpose.

Families who have settled in these mountains later than the middle of the seventeenth century, cannot enjoy any share in these advantages; but if they date before 1756, they have a voice in the General Assembly, and can be chosen for any office. Below these stand the "Strangers," or Swiss from other cantons, who can produce the certificates of their citizenship and place of

* It was thus at least in Appenzell, and probably in other cantons also.

birth; then come "Foreigners," who are "tolerated;" and lastly, the "Homeless," who, either from carelessness in the loss of papers, or from some other cause, cannot establish their claim to any canton. These three latter classes are entirely without political rights; they or their children may be driven from the country at any moment, at the pleasure of the government, and no length of residence can give them any further claims. The whole constitution of society appears to be as nearly as possible what it was among the ancient Germanic peasant communities of the tenth and eleventh centuries. whole administrative and judicial power of Unterwalden lies with the small councils, consisting of fifty-eight members in Niedwald, and sixtyfive in Obwald. These, as well as the deputies sent to the Diet, the Landammans, and all other government officers, are chosen by the General Assembly, which meets once a year, and the elections go off in general very quietly, though the appointments are often for life. To the outcast classes above described, even the right of petitioning is not freely granted, since it is forbidden (as it is in Prussia) to collect signatures, and a petition can only be presented by an individual.

The revenues of these little states are supplied by taxes on trade and commerce, property and land, the post, stamps, &c., and according to law the accounts of the canton ought to be laid on a table in the chancery every year, for fourteen days, for public inspection; but this law appears to be usually evaded, and, according to Mr. Mugge, there have been instances of the treasurer roundly declaring he would give no account.

"This is what is called freedom in these democratic cantons. The old families are the sovereigns of the canton — the people are nothing. Change is impossible, for the chiefs and the priests take care to prevent even the thought of such a thing; and the poor herdsmen cutting their wild hay high up among the Alps, have no means of comparing their condition with any other, and live for the most part a contented, peaceable life, and are not troubled with any wicked longings after shares in the privileges of the communes."

"Stanz, the chief town of the half canton of Niedwald, lies half buried in a forest of fruit trees in a beautiful valley, and thence the way leads still through fruit trees to Sarnen, the capital of Obwald. The most sublime mountain scenery fills these little cantons, and whoever has time to become acquainted with the communities that lie hidden in its recesses, will discover, indeed, much ignorance and superstition, but a simple and uncorrupted race of men. On the great roads, on the contrary, throughout these Catholic pastoral states, mendicity has erected its throne. One is

courage. In the management of their dairies they are accustomed to carry the heaviest weights down the steep declivities, and to seek their way through mist and rain and storm, along the edge of dizzy precipices, loaded with piles of their great cheeses, or with huge bundles of hay.

Through the canton of Uri passes the great road crossing the St. Gotthard, and leading through Ticino to Italy; by this road as many as twenty thousand travellers, it is said, yearly traverse the valley of the Reuss.

"It is one of the finest roads in all Switzerland, and the most glorious views accompany the traveller along every step of the way. Naked peaks and horns crowned with everlasting snows of dazzling white - the magnificent Uri Rothstock, the Blakenstock, the Galenstock, the Schnechorn, the enormous white pyramid of the Bristenstock, - these stand like lines of giants on either side, - while between them lies the valley of the foaming Reuss, at first green and pleasant, and thickly sown with human dwellings, but growing ever narrower and wilder and more desolate as it proceeds southward. The road winds right and left, crosing the mountain stream; here and there, hewn out of the solid rock, are places of refuge from falling avalanches, - and then up again it goes, zigzag, through steep narrow ravines, which in winter are often suddenly filled by masses of falling snow, and at length across the Devil's Bridge and through the rocky gallery of the Urnerloch into the smiling valley that lies like an oasis in the desert.

"The Devil's Bridge is a bold work of human skill and industry, through whose mighty arch rushes the foaming Reuss, and then dashes down in a beautiful fall. The old Devil's Bridge lies far below, with the remains of the old road, and may well have appeared the work of more than mortal hands to the pilgrim as he stood on its now blackened arch, and felt the thunder of the cataract below him."

Herr Mugge mentions that the people of Uri take a very high toll from travellers on this road; but he does not mention that the snow often lies twenty feet deep on it, and that it is their business to clear it away.

It was on this road, and along these shores of the lake of the Four Cantons, in the valleys of Schwyz, that several severe struggles took place between the French, Austrians, and Russians, in 1798 and 1799. Towards the end of September in the latter year, Suwarrow crossed the St. Gotthard from Italy, with 30,000 Russians, driving the French before him. The latter had blown up the Devil's Bridge; Suwarrow cut down the wood and made a new bridge. The inhabitants of the valley where it had grown complained indeed, for the trees had protected them from destruction, by affording shelter from the falling avalanches; but their complaints did

not disturb Suwarrow. "Things like this you know must be in time of war." His whole army crossed over, beat the French, and at length effected a junction with that of the Prince Korsakoff: and considering the nature of the way, it is not surprising that much of the baggage was lost, and that five hundred Russians disappeared over the precipice; but this was a trivial accident in the estimation of Suwarrow.

The canton of Schwyz, the third of the original confederacy, containing about forty thousand inhabitants, as many as Uri and Unterwalden put together, has always been regarded at the same time as the bulwark of pure democracy, as it is there understood, and the most zealous supporter of the power of the Catholic church.

The government, though in general resembling that of the other pastoral cantons, has been subjected to some modifications, calculated to lead the way to further progress,—such as the separation of the administrative from the judicial authorities, and the limitation of the hitherto life-long duration of offices. The communal system, with respect to economical rights, is, however, the same as in the other original cantons.

Alps and woods, — meadow and moorland, — belong to the old races who were the inhabitants of the country centuries ago; later comers obtained only political privileges. There is little of trade or manufacturing industry in Schwyz, the occupation of the people being almost wholly pastoral. There is little even of agricultural.

"On landing at Brunnen (on the Lake of the Four Cantons) the whole land of Schwyz lies spread out in a beautiful amphitheatre before you. Fruitful and well cultivated, it extends from here to the Rigi and the Rossberg, and enclosing the grand rocky pyramids of the Mythe and the Haken, to the Lake of Zurich. It is full of mountains and valleys, and flowery meads. To the right opens the wild romantic gorge, twenty miles long, of the Muetta Valley, full of rich peasants and full-blooded people of the old stock. The village of Schwyz hangs on the slope of a mountain, surrounded by gardens and orchards. It is green and sunny on these hills, and the view of the lake, with its mountains and wild rocks, and lovely villages and meadows, is richly varied."

In the hamlet of Schwyz itself there is little to be seen; it contains, of course, the buildings necessary to its small political life, and the Council House has its portraits of successive Landammans, all chosen for centuries from the families of Reding and Abyberg; but these are not worth looking at merely as works of art. The descendants of these and a dozen other families which have furnished Colonels, Majors, and Deputies to the Diet, live in comparative stately-

looking houses, surrounded with gardens, dignified by box hedges and iron gates.

"The Jesuits have an Educational Institute here, established in 1837, with the assistance of the Abbot of Einsiedeln and some of the principal families, which had some hundreds of scholars, but appears now to be somewhat on the decline. The Schwyzers, however pious, have no great partiality to the order. Indeed, they refused for a long time to have any thing to do with them; perhaps not so much on account of their principles, as because the rich monks in many of the convents hate the Jesuits, and fear, not without reason, a diminution of their revenues from the influence of these learned and crafty warriors of the church of Rome. In 1758 the Landsgemeinde rejected the proposal even of a Reding to admit them, although he offered to the canton a sum of 80,000 guilders and a large estate, as an inducement; but the Jesuits have found their way here at last without any one giving a penny, though they still do not appear very popular. I talked with one of the men of Schwyz on the subject, and he spoke out very freely. 'They do n't do us much harm at present,' said he, 'and do n't seem to meddle in what does not concern them; if they did we would soon drive them out again. They are clever fellows, and manage to bring many into their net, but they have not many real friends among the people. They lend money, however, help us here and there, buy many things at a good price. They use a great many wares for their schools, give employment to tradespeople and mechanics, and many strangers come to visit them, whom they send to the inns, the landlords of which are on good terms with them; and you see, Sir,' he added, laughing, for he was himself an innkeeper, 'that's the reason why I don't like myself to say much against the Fathers."

The great Protestant canton of Berne is distinguished, above all others, for its advancement in agricultural science, and it is not less remarkable for the extreme order and neatness which everywhere meets the eye: there are no open pits or heaps of manure, such as may be seen at every door in the country of Zurich, offending two senses at once. The large houses, with their galleries and rows of bright windows, handsome domestic offices and green lawns, look most invitingly, and give a pleasing testimony to the prosperity of the inhabitants. The Berne people are the best farmers in all Switzerland, and as they enjoy many natural advantages, which they have turned to the best account, they have found little necessity for giving their attention to manufactures, and are willing to leave these to their neighbours in Zurich and Aargau. This may be partly explained from the history of Berne. The patrician families of the capital were nobles, who for many centuries possessed considerable landed estates, and were, therefore, naturally

induced to turn their attention to agriculture. Those of Zurich were merchants and manufac-

"This exclusive occupation with agriculture seems to have communicated a certain heaviness and immobility to the character of the inhabitants of Berne, and, even when the dominion of the nobles was at an end, they felt little inclination to enter the lists with their more active

and lively neighbours.

"The city of Berne itself, with its vast houses, built of massive free-stone from the foundation to the gables - their stone staircases, and long vaulted passages telling of their Burgundian origin, is a type of their weighty and immovable character. These solid, gloomy mansions, gray with age, and untouched by modern coloring or character. decoration, look like rows of castles, rooted deep as they are into the rocky ground. In one quarter, houses in a newer style are to be found; but in general, if one of these grand old habitations becomes unsafe, another is built up as nearly as possible in the same style. And thus it is in many other departments. The burghers of many other departments. Berne cannot forget the time when they held dominion over all the surrounding country; and they cannot yet reconcile themselves to the modern system of equality, and the presumption of peasants seeking to share in their privileges. .

"There are in Berne eleven guilds or companies, and to one of these every citizen must belong. They cannot at all understand how a man can be settled in a town, without taking his place in a corporation; as if, according to the old Germanic notion, the protection of the individual could not be trusted to the state and the law, but must be the especial care of some association whose business it should be to protect its members. Every company has its hall, its bank, its fund, apart from all others; there are even associations of families, held together by private contract, which have estates and property in The families of noble descent, the merchants, the butchers, the tailors - all cling together; but it is not necessary that the members of the same company should all carry on the same occupation. A man may have himself proposed in any company, and if he is accepted, buy his freedom, which in the richer companies costs a considerable sum. The company of nobles alone refuses to admit any one who is not of noble birth. These rich old families generally live in great retirement on their estates in the country, taking no part in public business, and passing their time mostly in grumbling at the course affairs are taking. It is remarkable, too, that proud and worldly as these patricians formerly were, they have lately become immoderately pious. Some of the most distinguished among them - the Hallwylls, the Wattenwylls, and others - have fallen from the faith for which their ancestors so valiantly contended, and returned to the Catholic Church

"Berne is beyond comparison a less cheerful place than Zurich. There are few coffee-houses or places of public amusement; and in the beauty

of its environs it is also greatly inferior to the above-mentioned city. The terrace near the cathedral, indeed, whence you look down on the river Aar, and part of the city, and beyond it, to meadows, fields, and mountains—and especially when the evening sun clothes the majestic ranges of the Oberland in robes of radiance; this deserves all that can be said of it: but there is no other equal to this In Zurich, long rows of wagons, heavily laden with goods, to and from many distant countries, are daily passing in and out. In Berne there are scarcely any; and though many travellers arrive, they are mostly on their way to the Oberland, or the lake of Geneva, and remain a very short time.

"In Zurich, as I have said, the officers of government, including the Burgomasters, are to be met with, associating freely with the rest of the citizens in the coffee-houses and places of public amusement. They do not seek to envelop themselves in a cloud of mystic grandeur, which may be suitable enough to patricians and aristocrats, but not to the magistrates of a democracy. In Berne, the descendants of the ancient nobles have inherited all their exclusiveness. They never mingle among the people, far less make their appearance at coffee and beer-houses. The stiff, heavy, formal mode of life of Berne, in which every one confines himself to his own house, or to a limited circle of acquaintance, leaving the coffee-houses to students and young radicals, was strictly followed by the men who formed the government of Berne in 1846. Neither Neuhaus, nor the most distinguished of his colleagues, Fetcherin and Weber, ever showed themselves in public, but preserved the importance of their position.'

Neuhaus seems to have given great offence by placing at his door, a bell, with a brass plate, on which was inscribed "Ici on sonne et on attend." To keep people waiting at his door while some one came to open it, was thought a most unwarrantable assumption. It might have done very well for a Schultheiss in the old times, but it was not now "the time of day" for such airs of superiority. His whole government had, however, been left far behind in the rapid progress of the now victorious party, and their adherents in the clubs, and when, injudiciously, in our author's opinion, it undertook the prosecution of the Free-corps men, after having looked quietly on during their preparations, "instead of proving its strength, it hollowed the ground under its own feet."

The new constitution of 1846 has, of course the advantage of standing upon the shoulders of its predecessor, by which it has been enabled to remedy many of its deficiencies. The system of indirect elections has been wholly put aside—the age at which all civic rights may be exercised, reduced from 23 to 20, and the competency to all offices of the republic, from the age of 29 to 25. Every ten years a census is to be taken;

and since in the short duration of offices lies, it is thought, the best security for popular freedom in a republic—the Great Council is to be elected every four years, instead of every six, as before. According to the old constitution, the members of the chief tribunal, chosen by the Great Council, received their appointments for fifteen years; now they are to have them only for eight.

In another particular also an immense increase of power has been thrown into the popular scale. The Great Council itself must be dissolved and re-elected, if the majority of the people in the political assemblies demand it. On the requisition of 6000 citizens, the matter must be put to the vote.

"Not less important is the regulation that all new laws and ordinances whatever — before they are brought under discussion, must be made known to the people, time enough for them to express their opinion concerning them. In Berne the direct veto is not indeed conferred on the people as it is in St. Gall — but they have the most effectual means of protesting and petitioning and enlisting the press against any laws to which they may object."

Such rights, indeed, if merely existing on parchment, and not animated by the spirit of a people, avail little; and, in Berne, the old principles of action have still such power and force—the character of the people in general is so opposed to innovation—every district, every community, clings so much to its old customs, that it will be long before this new constitution and its objects will be really absorbed and assimilated, so as to become a part of the national life.

"A reform of the poor-laws and the system of finance was, however, what above all things young Berne had at heart — and which this new constitution was intended to effect; but this it has only been able to do in part — and even that not without lively opposition; and yet, on this depends the whole success of an experiment, by which it has been attempted to raise Berne from the entangled historical deformities of the old German commonalty, to the freer position of a state constructed according to modern ideas. It is precisely this which gives so great an interest to its present position, and to the attempts of the young reform party.

"Before all things it is necessary, in German Switzerland, to sweep away the rude irregular foundation on which Swiss life has hitherto rested — and to strike a mortal blow at the manifold hindrances and separations by which its progress has been obstructed."

One of the most important paragraphs of the new constitution (paragraph 86) is that which treats of an equalization of public burdens in the various districts. At first it was desired that the whole poor-funds should be made over to the government, which should take the duty of providing for the poor wholly on itself - but this could not be carried. There are certain cities and communes in Berne that possess poor-lands of immense value, the city of Mure, for instance; others have little or nothing, and are compelled to levy heavy rates for the purpose. All the communes who would have been losers by the proposed new arrangement, raised a tremendous opposition to it, and succeeded in obtaining a majority against it in the Constitutional Council - "but the blow struck at the independence of the commonalties," says our author, "was felt throughout Switzerland. People in Zurich, where I was at the time, were quite frightened, and prophesied that it would not come to good; so firm is still the attachment to old systems. Indeed, throughout Switzerland, Berne by no means excepted, the attachment to the freedom of communal life is far stronger than to that of the state."

"The utmost that could be effected was, that security should be given for the poor-funds, and that they should be placed under some control by the State, with a view to their better administration; and where it appeared that the funds were not sufficient for the support of the poor, the State should supply at least one half, but not more than two thirds of the deficiency. By this, of course, a considerable burden is laid upon it, which must be supported by the citizens at large.

"Not less important, perhaps, is the second clause in the same paragraph, which sweeps away titles and feudal burdens of various kinds, ordering that they shall be purchased from the proprietors for the half of the price stated in the law of the 20th December. On the other hand, the government undertakes not only to indemnify the proprietors, but to return to those who had purchased them at that higher rate one half of

the purchase-money.

"It was quite natural that this measure should have the warmest support of the small land-owners, but the State will of course have several millions to pay; it must be recollected, however, that Berne has not only no national debt, but a fund in her treasury of twenty millions of francs—collected in old times, and which is now destined to serve the worthy purpose of clearing off the last remnants of the feudal burdens."

The victory which Colonel Ochsenbein and his colleagues have achieved over their rivals, has it appears been so complete, that the greater number of the members of the former government have not even been elected again as members of the Great Council.

Neuhaus, so long the first man in the republic, who struggled so manfully for the support of race. — Westminster Review.

liberal principles, and who is as thorough a radical as his successor, and as much opposed to the Jesuits and the Sonderbund, has returned to his place in the counting-house, and seldom, according to Mr. Mugge, is any voice raised to give utterance to aught but blame of the man whom at one time no one could praise enough. Yet he possessed many qualifications most valuable in the chief of a party; courage, self-control, foresight, and an immovable strength of will. His manner is earnest and thoughtful, but eminently calculated to inspire confidence. Of his integrity a tolerable proof is offered in his present narrow circumstances.

The clergy of Berne are, with very few exceptions, opposed to the government of Colonel Ochsenbein; and the well-known "Parson Vizius," of Luzelflue, who writes under the name of "Jeremias Gotthelf," was a zealous adherent of that of M. Neuhaus.

The schoolmasters—a body of far more consideration in Switzerland than with us—are more favorably disposed towards it. The state of popular education in Switzerland is, it appears, by no means so satisfactory as has sometimes been supposed. Out of 70,000 children in Berne, capable of receiving instruction, scarcely 20,000, according to the testimony of the above-mentioned Jeremias Gotthelf, really receive it; and of their proficiency we may form some idea, when we hear that the pupils of an elder class, at a school examination, confounded the three original Swiss Confederates with the three kings of Cologne, and asserted that Goliath lost his life at the battle of Sempach!

In this, and in many other departments, the party at present dominant in Switzerland is pledged to effect great improvements. How far it is likely to fulfil the expectations it has held out to various classes of the community, and the hopes most difficult to realize, which were greatly instrumental in raising it to its present position, must now soon appear. We cannot be so far dazzled by the success which has crowned the efforts of the victors, as not to perceive that they have obtained the prize by an act of unprincipled aggression, wholly unworthy of the principles they profess, and of the party to which they claim to belong. History, however, presents us with many examples of an usurped authority having been made the instrument of producing ultimate good, not to the aggressors, but to the aggrieved; and whatever sympathy we may feel for the sufferers in the present instance, we do not overlook the fact, that the state of society in the old cantons, now overthrown, was one of utter stagnation, wholly incompatible with the best interests and the noblest tendencies of the human

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT'S KOSMOS.*

Although we were prepared, as well from the former volume of this work as from the other writings of this "old man eloquent," to expect a valuable addition to the stock of European literature, we own that the volume before us has surpassed our expectations. We rise from the perusal of it with feelings of unmixed delight, our views enlarged, our fancy embellished, our taste schooled, our reason fortified; and we should be sorry, indeed, if the benefit derived from it were confined to the intellect alone. Such vast floods of literature poured forth in such unbounded profusion, - such inexhaustible stores of knowledge spread out before us, - such a series of generous and magnificent views exhibited in such lucid order, - so much splendor of language, - so much deep research, - feelings so benevolent, and philosophy so exalted, can hardly fail to make the reader better as well as wiser, and more humane as well as more enlightened.

Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto,

seems, in its best and purest sense, to be the motto of Alexander von Humboldt, who, eloquent as Isocrates, is, like him, at an advanced age, the instructor of mankind, — ever ready to animate them by his exhortations, to cheer them by his example, and to exhibit in its most engaging form the dignity of those pursuits which have won for him an imperishable name among the teachers and benefactors of his species.

The work begins with a sketch of descriptive writing. Humboldt quotes a passage from Schiller, "Uber naïve und sentimentalische Dichtung," to the effect that there is reason to be surprised at the absence of that sentimental interest among the Greeks with which the scenes and characters of Nature seem to have inspired modern writers. The description of the Greek writer is, indeed, accurate and circumstantial; but not more so when he paints a landscape than when he describes a garment or a shield. To this proposition, in its full latitude, Humboldt does not assent. After observing that proofs of deep feeling for Nature may be found in the poetry of the Hebrews and the Indians, he proceeds to point out many passages of exquisite beauty on the same topic among the writers of classical antiquity. Sure it is that mere descriptive poetry - the poetry which has for its end

* Kosmos. By Alexander Von Humboldt, Vol. II. The Authorized Translation, under the superintendence of Colonel Sabine. London, 1847.

the description of scenery, and that alone — was unknown to the Greeks and Romans of the purest age; and, if we are not mistaken, such poetry is the infallible mark of a cultivated but an inferior period. Where the imagination is glowing and vigorous, — where the scene is filled with living actors, who carry forward the great moral drama of the universe, — when the energy of the human will and the tempest of human passion fill the soul of the poet, the delineation of inanimate Nature can only be a collateral and subordinate object. So Horace, we find, alluding to the efforts of the writers who in his day sought to supply the want of genius by elaborate description, says, —

Fortasse cupressum Scis simulare — quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur?

But though it was not made a favorite topic by the Greeks, yet, when employed to illustrate, to soothe, or to recreate the mind, as it were, after it had been wrought up to intense excitement, we shall look in vain, except in Dante and in Shakspeare, for passages to rival the exquisite beauty and imagery of Greek description. As instances, it is enough to refer to the description of the shield of Achilles, the lines, Iliad, viii. 558,—

'Ως δ' δτ' έν οἰρανῶ ἀστρα, κ. τ. λ.,

which Pope has not translated; and the equally beautiful passage in the *Odyssey*, which Lucretius has imitated, and in the translation of which Pope has succeeded extremely well, \triangle , 560,—

'Αλλά σ' ές 'Ηλύσιον πεδίον καὶ πείρατα γαίης, κ. τ. λ.

Humboldt has quoted the description of the sunrise, Ion, 782, of Cithæron, in the Bacchæ, and the famous chorus in the Œdipus Coloneus. He speaks with becoming enthusiasm of the poem of Lucretius, which contains passages equal, if not superior, to any in the whole range of Latin poetry. There is a passage in Juvenal, which has always seemed to us remarkable, as well for the genuine love of Nature which it exhibits, as because it is the preface to one of his fiercest satires,—

Quanto præstantius esset Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.

We are surprised that, as an unanswerable illustration of his theory, he does not quote Theocritus, by far the first and the most enchanting of all pastoral writers, who, at the court of the Ptolemies, painted in such highly finished verse the scenes and habits of rural life. A powerful instinct has urged the human mind in all ages to seek refuge from the scenes around it in the delineation of their contrasts, and to escape from the monotony, gloom, and miseries of the real, by flinging itself into the shady spaces of an ideal world. It is to this we owe ancient chivalry and modern romance. "Je ne haïs pas les grands coups d'épée," said Madame de Sévigné, in the age of Dangeau and Madame de Montespan.

The hero of an English novel always worships genius and despises money, and (if brought up at Oxford) never bows to rank. The courtiers of Louis XIV. were in raptures at the innocence of shepherds, and the ethereal love of heroes, whose patience was inexhaustible. Virgil has often imitated Theocritus, but never even approached his finer passages. The lines in the seventh, which begin,—

έσσετα 'Αγεάνακτι καλός πλόος ές Μιτυλάναν,

and end with, -

— τὸ δ' ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἡ ὑπὸ πεύκαις, ἀδὰ μελισδόμενος κατακέκλισο, θεῖε Κομᾶτα,

are, for melody, and, in some parts, grandeur of versification, tenderness, and simplicity, the most perfect that ever were written by a descriptive poet.

But we return to our author. Humboldt, before he abandons the topic of descriptive writing, remarks that the Old World passes into the New by a regular gradation, and that there are no abrupt chasms between them. As the religious ideas and moral notions and habits of life among mankind changed, motives and feelings in the human mind, which had never fully been called forth before, became decisive and predominant. It was the bias of Christianity to deduce from the order of the world and the loveliness of Nature proofs of the wisdom and goodness of its Author. Such a tendency, of course, produced description of external scenery. The earliest proof of this is to be found in the works of Minucius Felix, cap. 2, 3. The Greek fathers abound with similar passages. He begins with an extract - certainly a very striking one - from the Letters of St. Basil, "for whom," says Humboldt, "I cherish a special partiality." Born at Cæsarea in Cappadocia, Basil had renounced the learned ease of Athens to visit the anchorites of Cœlo-Syria and of Upper Egypt, and, at last, had settled himself in a desert on the Armenian river Iris. The Hexameron abounds with traces of his love of Nature. He describes the serene and cloudless tranquillity

of the nights in Asia Minor; "when the stars, the everlasting ornaments of Heaven, raise the soul of man from the visible to the invisible." We may here remark that, in the works of the ascetic Fra Luis Ponce de Leon, there is a magnificent ode on the same subject. In his Letters, Basil says,—

God has allowed me to find a place of rest such as has often floated before my imagination: a lofty hill, crowned with thick groves, is before me, watered with fresh and ever-flowing streams. At the foot of the mountain a vast plain stretches itself beyond the horizon. The surrounding wood encloses me, as in a strong citadel: the solitude is bounded by two deep ravines. On one side, the stream, as it pours down foaming from the mountains, presents a barrier difficult to overcome; on the other, a wide range of mountains prohibits all approach. My hut is so placed upon the summit that I can see over the broad plain, and the whole course of the Iris, which is more beautiful and larger than the Strymon at Amphipolis. The stream of my solitude, more vehement than any which I know, bursts from the jutting rock, and hurls itself foaming into the abyss. * * * What charms me above all is the silence and tranquillity of the spot. It is sometimes visited by hunters, for my wilderness gives nourishment to deer and herds of wild goats, - not to your bears and wolves. How could I exchange this for any other place? Alemæon, when he had discovered the Echinades, would not wander farther. - Page 28.

In the early stages of Christianity, this admiration of Nature was unhappily accompanied by a contempt of human art and genius. A remarkable passage from Chrysostom is quoted to this effect (p. 30). But this evil, great as it was, became intolerable, when, in the gloomy period during which Christianity was propagated among the German and Celtic tribes, all studies in any way connected with natural philosophy were discouraged and even forbidden by the Church. To the Church of that age such pursuits appeared as dangerous as the fine arts did to Tertullian and Clemens of Alexandria. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, two councils, one at Tours (1163) and another at Paris (1209), prohibited the sinful study of writings on physical science. Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon were the first who broke these fetters, and restored the authority of Nature; yet in the earliest poems of the middle ages, the love of Nature, which is the characteristic of the Indo-Germanic races, is visible.

We cannot follow our author through the quotations from Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, by which he illustrates the character of the Minnesingers. Neither is it possible for us, within the narrow limits at our disposal, to do justice to his sketch of the poetry of India, of Persia, and of

Arabia. We must content ourselves by observing, that in his hands these subjects are admirably blended with the cognate efforts of Greece and of Rome, and that the influence exercised by Nature upon the genius of the different races is set forth with a clearness which delights as much as it surprises the reader. Nor does he stop there. We are shown how, after the stars of these countries had set for ever, and the last rays of their departed glory had vanished from the West, one form, illuminated by the first beams of returning day, appeared, and left its impress upon the ages that were to follow: these still reverence the memory of Dante Alfieri. The works of that great man abound with the most exquisite descriptions of natural scenery. He paints with a truth and accuracy of coloring which have never been surpassed, and presents, in the tenderness of his sentiment, a remarkable contrast to the severity of his bitter sarcasm, and concise and most cutting invective.

While yet on the enchanted ground of Italy, our author pauses to quote the sonnet of Petrarch, which describes the impression made on the poet's mind by the Valley of Vaucluse after Laura's death; - the smaller poems of Bojardo, and the later writings of Vittoria Colonna. Among prose writers, Cardinal Bembo is one of his favorites, particularly his Historia Venetiæ, where he has described with enthusiasm the climate and vegetation of America. The cardinal wrote when the image of a new world filled the minds of men, and roused them to the most heroic efforts. The tropical world, covered with its gorgeous exuberance of vegetation, with its Cordilleras, exhibiting as on a graduated scale every variety of organized existence, with all the attributes of a northern climate in Mexico, Grenada, and New Quito, was suddenly flung open to the view of astonished Europeans. Imagination, without the aid of which no really great work ever was achieved by man, was thus roused into action, and is seen to lend to the descriptions of Columbus and Vespucci a charm peculiar and indescribable. In giving an account of Brazil, the latter displays an intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern poetry; the former, as he tells of the soft atmosphere, and of the Orinoco pouring its gathered multitude of waters towards the Eastern Paradise, shows how deep within him lay the religious principle. No doubt, with increasing age, and struggles against religious persecution, this feeling degenerated into gloom and fanatical hallucination; but the simplicity of the language of the great discoverer, flowing from the purest and most genuine love of nature, and dictated by an extraordinary power of observation, stamps all that he has written with a character of immortality.

The Lusiad of Camoens surpasses all modern poems for the splendor and variety of its language, when it describes the surface of the ocean sleeping in calm, or lashed by tempests into fury. Camoens had fought at the foot of Mount Atlas, in the Red Sea, and in the Persian Gulf. He had twice sailed round the Cape; and, for sixteen years, had watched every vicissitude of the atmosphere in the Chinese and Indian Oceans. In the third canto, he paints the condition of Europe from the frozen North to the Strait where the crowning toil of Hercules was accomplished. From Prussia and the Muscovites, and the races "que o Rheno frio lava," he hastens to the glorious fields of Hallas, "que creastes os peitos eloquentes, e os zuizos de alta phantasia." In the 10th canto, his view enlarges; Tethys leads Gamba to a lofty mountain, to reveal to him the mysteries of the universe, and the course of the planets. All the world passes under his gaze; the land of the Holy Cross and the coasts discovered by Magellan, by deeds but not by faith, a son of Lusitania. As may be supposed, Shakspeare is not passed over in this glorious catalogue. We cannot, however, conceal our surprise and indignation to find, in such a writer as Humboldt, Thomson mentioned in the same page with Milton. After dwelling on the stately and measured style of Buffon, which, elevated as it is, he says, does not convey the idea that the writer had ever visited the regions he describes, he criticises the passionate and irresistible eloquence that has consecrated the scenes of Clarens and Meillerage; and dwells on the soft and lovely coloring of Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his master-work of Paul et Virginie. Then, after a passing tribute to Chateaubriand, and his old instructor, George Forster, he points out the difference between ancient and modern writers, and explains why the former are so vigorous and genial, and the latter so pedantic and insipid. The best description, say the Arabians, is that which changes the ear into the eye. "In the present age, an unhappy tendency to unmeaning poetical prose, to the nothingness of sentimental effusion, has seized upon many meritorious travellers and writers of natural history." This remark is followed by some admirable observations on the character of descriptive style, and a splendid panegyric on Goethe concludes the first chapter of the work.

In dealing with subjects such as these, it is important carefully to bear in mind the difference between early anticipation and actual knowledge. As science advances, the former is often confounded with the latter. Imagination is stimulated and fortified by premature combinations. Much was put forward among the Greeks and Indians, much in the middle ages,

concerning natural phenomena — at first without proof, and mixed up with the wildest chimeras, — which was afterwards confirmed by experience, and at length adopted universally. We must not, says Humboldt, condemn the yearning anticipation, the glowing fancy, the all-commanding activity of thought which inspired Plato, Columbus, and Kepler, as if it answered no purpose in the domain of science; neither must we mistake its proper limit, and make it a substitute for examination and experiment.

There are three objects of this part of the work; first, the independent efforts of the intellect to acquire a knowledge of the laws of nature; second, the events which have enlarged the horizon of knowledge; third, the discovery of new means of physical perception, which, as if by the acquisition of new organs, have enabled man to apply a more immediate scrutiny to objects upon earth, as well as to those in regions inaccessible for centuries to the human senses. There are three most important epochs ("moments," in the phraseology of Hegel) which the historian of Kosmos is called upon to investigate. The natural philosophy of the Ionic school, the oldest of physical science among the Greeks, was drawn rather from internal thought and the depths of a reflecting intellect, than from observation and experiment. This doctrine was the ancient one of the constant changes of form developed in one eternal substance. The philosophy of measure and harmony discovers itself in the Pythagorean speculations on form and number. While the Doric Italian school sought everywhere a numerical element, and by encouraging inquiries into the relation of numbers as applied to space and time, prepared the way for the subsequent improvement of the inductive sciences. The Pythagoreans held the progressive, not the rotatory, motion of the earth. Plato and Aristotle taught that the earth had neither a progressive nor a rotatory motion, but was fixed immovably in the centre of the universe.

Hicetas of Syracuse, Heraclides, Ponticus, and Ecphantus, taught the rotation of the earth; but only Aristarchus of Samos, and Seleucus the Babylonian, a century and a half after Alexander, knew as well that motion of the earth was rotatory, as that the earth itself moved round the centre of the planetary system. If, in the middle ages, the Ptolemaic system prevailed, together with every other absurdity, and the belief was entertained that the earth was stationary, still a German cardinal, Nicholas de Cusa, had the courage and independence of thought to ascribe to our planet both a rotatory and a progressive motion.

Meanwhile it is Humboldt's theory that no event in the history of the world ought so much

to occupy our attention as an inquiry into the effect which it may have produced on the knowledge of the material universe, whether it be a voyage of discovery, or a sudden acquaintanceship with the Indo-African monsoon, or the propagation of a highly polished dialect. And this statement leads him to consider the important subject of dialect in two different, nay, opposite points of view. Language, he says, may either be considered as a medium of communication between distinct races of people, or else the comparative study of languages will furnish us with a clue to their internal structure and affinity, and give us a deeper insight into the history of mankind. The Greek language, for example, exercised an almost magical effect on all the nations who came in contact with the people by whom it was spoken. We trace its power in the influence of the Bactrian kingdom, as an instrument of knowledge in Inner Asia; and a thousand years later it is mixed with Indian learning, and brought back by the Arabians to the extreme west of Europe. The old Indian and Malay languages also facilitated the intercourse of nations in the Archipelago of Southern Asia, for the daring enterprise of Vasco de Gama was probably suggested by the accounts of the Indian stations for trade established by the Bamians. Languages, like the religions of widest spread, have contributed much to blend mankind together. Languages, moreover, are an abundant source of historical information. As the most remarkable effects of the human intellect, they lead us back to the most remote ages, with regard to which tradition is altogether silent. A comparison of the structures of many tongues shows how tribes now separated by vast intervals of space are sprung from one common origin, and enables the inquirer to trace them up, often through intricate passages, to their common source.

In the enumeration of the principal epochs of physical knowledge, Humboldt begins with the nations settled round the basin of the Mediterranean. It is true, indeed, that the civilization of the Greeks and Romans is, compared with that of the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Indians, of a very modern date. But those regions which were the seat of early science either became the prey of barbarism, or, as in China, were so locked up in ancient habits and immovable forms of traditional policy, as to take little share in the intercourse of the rest of the world.

To inquire whether there was any original knowledge of physical nature communicated to man would be foreign to the present purpose. The Platonic notion, that "knowledge is but memory," is quoted from the Indian Krishnu.

There is in the dialect of some of the tribes that are now in a savage state, much that resembles fragments that have been shattered in the shipwreck of former civilization, but Europeans have carried their knowledge to the extremity of the universe. In the almost uninterrupted inheritance of their sciences, and in its refined nomenclature, we may trace, as materials for history of the human race, memorials of the various ways in which discoveries have been poured in upon it: how from Eastern Asia came the knowledge of the magnet; chemical preparations from Phænicia and from Egypt; from Arabia the first notions of astronomy; and from India the use of a more refined and concise method of notation. We think that our author is mistaken in supposing that, in the Homeric age, Italy was an unknown land. Strabo particularly states the reverse.

Among the people dwelling round the shores of the Mediterranean the Egyptians are first mentioned. In the valley of the Nile, which has played so great a part in the history of mankind, Lepsius informs us that ascertained shields of kings, go back to the fourth Manethonic dynasty. This dynasty begins 3400 years before the Christian era, and 2300 years before the emigration of the Heraclidæ to Peloponnesus. The last dynasty of the old kings, which ended with the invasion of the Hyksos, 1200 years before Homer, was the twelfth Manethonic dynasty, to which belong Ameranha III., the builder of the original labyrinth, and the maker of the lake of Mœris. After the expulsion of the Hyksos, the new kingdom began with the eighteenth dynasty, 1600 years before Christ. The great Ramses, called by Herodotus Sesostris, was the second ruler of the nineteenth dynasty. His exploits, Tacitus tells us, inscribed on the edifices of Thebes, were interpreted to Germanicus by the priests of Egypt. Diodorus says expressly that the great Ramses brought back captives from Babylon. It is certain that the Egyptians were acquainted, not with the Nile only, but with the Arabian Gulf. The inscriptions on the Kosser road, which connects the valley of the Nile with the western coast of the Red Sea, reached to the sixth dynasty. The canal of Suez was begun under Sesostris to facilitate the access to the Arabian copper mines, which were worked under Cheops, one of the fourth dynasty of Egyptian kings. Under Psammeticus, the father of Neku II., during whose reign the circumnavigation of Africa is said to have taken place, and after the civil wars were ended, Grecian mercenaries were established at Naucratis, and this settlement was the cause of a permanent commercial intercourse with Greece. Thus the seeds were sown of

emancipation from local influence and of intellectual freedom, which, after the Macedonian conquest, shot up into an abundant harvest.

The opening of the Egyptian harbors under Psammeticus is a most important epoch. Before that time strangers were excluded from Egypt as carefully as they now are from Japan. The Phænicians, in the order of time, succeed to the inhabitants of Egypt. They were the chief means of communication between the populations round the Indian Ocean and the western part of Europe. They used the Babylonian weights and measures, and, after the Persian conquest, coined money, which, singular as it appears, the Egyptians were without. But their great contribution to human knowledge was a written alphabet. It is not only as an instrument of trade, - as a bond of union among civilized people along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and even to the north-western shores of Africa, that this discovery is to be considered; it was the means of conveying the noblest triumphs achieved by the Greeks in the intellectual and moral world, and thus of bequeathing to the most remote posterity a precious and imperishable inheritance.

It is a singular instance of the apparently inadequate means by which the most important revolutions are sometimes brought about, that an article comparatively so insignificant as amber should have made a highway from the coasts of the Baltic to those of the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas. As the Phocæan colonists of Marseilles brought tin from England through Gaul to the banks of the Rhone, so was amber transmitted from tribe to tribe through Germany and the Celtic hordes on the slopes of the Alps to the Po, and through Pannonia to the Borysthenes and Pontus. Starting from Carthage, and, probably, from Tartessus and Gades, the Phænicians explored the north-west coast of Africa far beyond Cape Bojador. Among the Tyrian cities was Cerne, the principal station of their ships, and the great mart of their produce. As the Canary islands and the Azores are the resting-places of the western passage to America, so are Iceland, the Orcades, and the Faroe islands, the resting-places for the northern. These are the two paths by which the European races first became acquainted with North and Central America.

Far different from the flexible genius of the Phœnician race, the character of the Etruscans was stern, and, if such a phrase may be permitted, concentrated. But they carried on over the northern Alps no inconsiderable trade with Northern Italy, where a holy road was guarded by all the tribes through which it ran to the amber-producing countries. More than any

other people, they appear to have fixed their attention on natural phenomena; not as they appeared to the joyous and brilliant Grecian, but as symbols of divine wrath and instruments of human desolation. Hence their rites and ceremonies, which, to the last, were blended with the Roman institutions, having struck their root too deeply to be torn up otherwise than by the destruction of the State itself; and hence a disposition to examine with close and anxious scrutiny every appearance that could reveal the mysteries of Nature. Before the expedition of Alexander there were three events which deserve principally to be considered as having enlarged the views of the Greeks. These were the attempts to lay open the basin of the Euxine, to force a passage to the west of the Mediterranean, and the establishment of colonies from the straits of Gibraltar to Pontus, - colonies which, from the freedom of their institutions and the genius of their citizens, were far more favorable to the progress of the human race than those planted by the Phænicians and the Carthaginians in Sicily, Iberia, and along the western coasts of Africa. The attempt to open an eastern passage from the Mediterranean is conveyed to us through the tradition of the Argonautic expedition to Colchis, in the legend of Phryxus and Helle, and of the eastern expedition of Hercules. The colonies and expeditions of the Milesians led to a more accurate knowledge of the eastern and northern coasts of the Euxine. Of the Caspian Sea, it was long before any but the western shores were known; though Herodotus tells us that it was a basin enclosed on all sides; this fact was disputed until the age of Ptolemy.

About a century and a half after the expedition of the Argonauts, - that is, after the Euxine was laid open to Grecian trade and navigation, - one of the most important events in early Grecian history took place: the return of the Heraclidæ to Peloponnesus. This led to the colonial system, which is so important an element of the history of Greece, and which had so prodigious an effect on the intellectual progress of the species. A chain of these settlements, inhabited by godlike men, reached from Sinope to Saguntum and Cyrene. No nation has ever planted more considerable colonies than Greece. Those of the Phænicians spread, indeed, over a wider surface, reaching as they did from the Persian Gulf to the western coast of Africa. But in intellectual splendor, in the arts that embellish and refine society, Carthage, the mightiest of all ancient colonies, in which, like England, all the material enjoyments of life had reached their highest pitch, was far below the humblest and least important of the colonies of Greece. For there was a unity of purpose in

the migrations of that race which no other family of man has shown either before or since.

The third event is still to be considered. Colæus of Samos wanted to sail to Egypt. He was forced by storms to the island Platea, and thence, as Herodotus tells us, was driven through the Pillars of Hercules into the ocean (Her. iv. sec. 152), and came to Tartessus, whence he returned laden with enormous wealth. One after another, Phænicians, Greeks, Arabians, Catalonians, Majorcans, French, Genoese, Venetians, Portuguese, and Spaniards, urged by the same instinct, followed in the same track, until they reached, at length, the shore of that New World which the Normans had already discovered by another course. Indeed, so early as the days of Alexander, Aristotle had been led to believe that a way to the Indies might be discovered through the Pillars of Hercules; and Strabo thought that a continent would be found between Western Europe and Eastern Asia. The expedition of the Macedonian army under Alexander the Great, the destruction of the Persian empire, the immediate intercourse with the western part of India, and the existence for 116 years of the Græco-Bactrian empire, drew the west of Europe, the south-west of Asia, the valley of the Nile, and Libya, into close and permanent connexion. The foundation of so many cities in admirably chosen situations, - the appointment of independent bodies for their government, the tender regard exhibited for the feelings and manners of the conquered, so opposite to what the indignant reader finds in the history of British India, all shew that Alexander was not as has been so trivially repeated, animated to his career by the wild appetite of conquest. He sought no trifling, no petty object: his scheme was to unite the West with the East; to accomplish the plan which his great teacher - a teacher worthy of such a pupil - had designed; to found an empire, of which Babylon should be the eastern and Alexandria the western capital. And in truth, when we recollect that only fiftytwo Olympiads elapsed from the battle of Granicus to the overthrow of the Bactrian empire, we are lost in wonder at the near accomplishment of his great purpose. The influence of Greek civilization was magical. Mingled with the learning of the Arabians, the Persians, and the Indians, the knowledge which they possessed penetrated even to the middle ages; so that it has often been doubtful what is to be ascribed to Grecian art, and what to Asiatic ingenuity.

But, in truth, the march of the Macedonian army was a scientific expedition; and well it was for after ages that it was shared by one capable of doing justice to it in his narrative. For, like Napoleon, in his invasion of Egypt,

Alexander had surrounded himself with the most learned and scientific of his countrymen. Among others was Callisthenes, the relation and friend of Aristotle, who fell a victim to Alexander's unjust suspicion. He led the thoughts of his companions from the vegetation of plants and the habits of animals, from the shape of the earth and the swelling of rivers, to an object nobler and more interesting by far - to him who, in the splendid language of Aristotle, is the aim and centre of creation - to man. Callisthenes sent from Babylon astronomical observations for 1903 years, according to Porphyry, before Alexander. The oldest Chaldean observations mentioned in the Almagest, only reached to a period of 721 years before the Christian era. True, Alexander never reached the chief seat of Indian learning. Seleucus Nicator was the first who pressed towards the Ganges from Babylon; and. by the repeated embassies of Megasthenes to Pataliputra, formed a political connexion with Sandracottus (Tschandragriptus) .- There were, however, learned Brahmins in the Punjaub in the days of Alexander; whether the Indian method of notation was known to them is not ascertained. Great, indeed, would have been the benefit to science if Calanus, in the days of Alexander, before he ascended the funeral pile at Susa, or Barjom, in the days of Augustus, before he ascended the funeral pile at Athens, had communicated this method to the West.

After the destruction of the Macedonian empire, which extended over a part of these countries, the seeds which had been scattered by the hand of the most magnanimous of rulers began to develop themselves with great rapidity. But Egypt, the kingdom of the Lagidæ, had the advantage, not of political unity alone, but of a geographical position, which pointed it out as the mart of nations, and especially as the seat of maratime adventure. Half a century after the death of Alexander, and before the first Punic war had shaken the plebeian aristocracy of Carthage, Alexandria was the first trading city in the world. But if the commerce of Egypt long sustained itself, the philosophy which grew up under its shadow never rose to a giant stature. The tendency of the Alexandrian school was encyclopædiacal throughout. There was no mind of sufficient power to wield the immense stores that were accumulated; and, as is always the case, an abundance of literary and scientific mediocrity proved fatal to the efforts of inventive genius.

Having dwelt upon these matters, and suffering himself to be led, by the course of the Chinese expedition, to speak of the Roman empire, Humboldt goes on to examine the influence

exercised by the Arabians - a foreign element in European refinement - on the progress of physical science. This Semitic race had, in some measure, escaped the barbarism which for two centuries spread itself over Europe, when, after thousands of years passed in almost absolute seclusion from the rest of mankind, they suddenly burst from the central parts of Arabia, and spread themselves like a torrent from the Pillars of Hercules to the Indus; and from the Euphrates to the Guadalquiver, and the southern parts of Central Africa. In the middle of the ninth century, Arabia carried on a commercial intercourse with the northern parts of Europe and Madagascar, with India, China, and Eastern Africa. She communicated to the inhabitants of these regions her language, coins, and Indian method of calculation; and laid among them the foundations of a mighty and a durable empire. Her people were not barbarous then. They had learned much, ere Alexandria yielded to the force of their arms, from a long intercourse with civilized nations, and were ready to receive as well as to communicate knowledge wherever they went. The Syrians, themselves instructed by the Nestorian Christians, led the invaders to a study of Greek literature. From the same source the Arabians acquired that acquaintance with the healing art for which they were long famed; and bringing with them habits of thought well suited to such inquiries, they became, by degrees, skilled above other races in physical science. The Arabian was the first of men to examine the organic tissue. He compared the structure of the plant and of the animal form with their functions, and investigated the laws which distribute them over the surface of the globe, according to the differences of temperature and elevation. In chemistry, likewise, he made large advances, though he mixed with it the dreams of alchemy as he worked out his system of astrology from the knowledge which he acquired of the stars. Whether the Arabians were or were not indebted for these and other scientific acquirements to the people of the far East it is hard to say. But this much is certain in regard to them, that, from whatever source they drew their knowledge, they were largely instrumental in diffusing it over the world. And it should not be forgotten that astronomy is not only the most sublime, but also the most necessary of all the sciences to the supply of wants of which every human being, from the philosopher to the savage, is conscious. By this we guide ourselves over sea and land, - unerringly if our calculations be accurate, with more or less divergence from the right course in proportion to our ignorance. By the light which this gives the unlettered husbandman prosecutes his toil - ploughs, sows, and reaps, as surely as a Herschel or an Airy sweeps the face of the heavens that he may satisfy himself whether or not some world has begun to be. And herein lies the difference, which the sciolist cannot be made to comprehend, between real knowledge and mere empiricism. Sédillot, for example, found in the third book of the Almagest of Abul Wassa a discovery which, under the name of 'Variations of the Moon,' has long been attributed to Tycho Brahè. The observations of Ebn Junis at Cairo have been of great importance as to the disturbances and secular deviations of Jupiter and Saturn. The astronomical meeting at Toledo, under Alphonso the Wise, in which the Rabbi Isaac Ebn Sid Hagan played so great a part, was the result of their studies. To these merits of the Arabians must be added the results of their exertions in the field of pure mathematics. Deriving their first knowledge of algebra from two sources, they compiled out of the rival systems of India and of Greece a method of their own, which, however defective it might be in many of its symbols, proved of incalculable use to the Italian mathematicians of the middle ages. To them, therefore, be the praise of having, by their writings and their extensive commerce, spread that method of notation from Bagdad to Cordova without which the range of physical science would have been to us narrow, indeed; and the doctrines of heat, of magnetism, and the polarization of light, in an especial manner, sealed books.

The fifteenth century is one of those remarkable eras in which all the efforts of the human intellect are pointed in one direction, and indicate a common character. To this must be aseribed the splendor which belongs to the age of Sebastian Cabot, Gama, and Columbus. In the history of mankind, the thirteenth century is a transition period, belonging in part to the middle ages, and in part to the commencement of another epoch. It is the age of great discoveries in space, embracing all degrees of latitude and all varieties of elevation. As it doubled the works of creation for the inhabitants of Europe, so it gave at the same time a new and powerful incitement to the perfection of physical and mathematical science. In no other period was so great an accumulation of facts, or materials so numerous, for obtaining a complete knowledge of the terrestrial globe presented to mankind. At no time did discoveries in space, and in the material world, by enlarging the range of ideas, by multiplying the means of communication, by the establishment of colonies on a scale more magnificent than had yet been known, produce more astonishing and beneficial changes in the manners of markind, raising them from a state

of servitude to the tardy enjoyment of political independence. Every remarkable advance of human intelligence may be traced to the history of former ages. Providence has not allowed the reason of mankind to suffer a total eclipse, even in the darkest and most disastrous periods. Amid the gloom of the feudal age, a series of eminent men transmitted from generation to generation the light which burst forth in the age of Columbus, with a splendor that kings and priests were not able to obscure. In the thirteenth century we find the names of Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Vincent of Beauvais. When, 1415-1525, Diego Ribero returned from the congress at the Puente de Caya, near Yelves, in which the disputes concerning the limit of the Portuguese and Spanish monarchies had been determined, the coast of the New Continent, from Labrador to the Terra del Fuego, had already been explored. So assiduous and successful were the joint efforts of the English, Spaniards, and Portuguese, that in less than half a century the configuration of that vast mass of earth was as-

We must, however, be careful to distinguish these voyages from those of the Normans, who were, unquestionably, the first discoverers of America. While the Abbassides ruled at Bagdad, and the Samanides in Persia, in the year 1000, America was discovered by Lief, the son of Eric the Red, from the extreme north, to the forty-first degree of northern latitude. Iceland had been taken possession of by the Normans in the year 875. Greenland was colonized from Iceland 100 years later; so that 125 years must have elapsed after the first occupation of Iceland by the Normans, before they discovered America. The coast they explored was called Wineland, from some wild grapes which were found upon it (Vinland it Goda). It included the track between Boston and New York; thus comprising part of the present States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. This was the chief settlement of the Normans. We may form some idea of the daring spirit of that gallant people from the fact, that these discoveries extended from 41 1-2° to 72° 55' north latitude. The Runic stone found in the autumn of the year 1824 under that parallel, bears the date 1136. Their north-western station was called the Kroksjardar Heide; and accounts are published of the quantity of drift-wood (iberian), the whales (phoca), sea-horses, and sea-bears, for which it was at that time celebrated. thentic accounts of the intercourse of the North of Europe, and of Greenland and Iceland, with the American continent, reach no later than the middle of the fourteenth century. In the year 1347, a ship sailed from Greenland to New Scotland for timber. On its return it was driven out of its course by storms, and was forced to make land on the west of Iceland. This is the last account of North America preserved to us in the old Scandinavian histories. The traces of an Irish discovery of America, before the eleventh century, are not so numerous. An account was given to the Normans of men clothed in white garments, bearing poles with linen fastened to them, and singing with a loud voice. This, the Normans applied to a Catholic procession. In the oldest Sagas the coasts between Virginia and Florida are distinctly called Old Ireland.

In the year 982, Ari Marson, in an expedition from Iceland, was driven by storms to this country, and baptized; and as he was not allowed to leave it, was recognized by men from the Orkneys and from Iceland. It is certainly a remarkable event in the literary history of nations, that the oldest traditions of the European North should, when menaced with destruction on the continent of Europe, have been deposited in Iceland, and there preserved for the instruction of succeeding ages. It is now ascertained that Iceland was the country visited by Columbus, and described by him in his rare work On the Five Habitable Zones of the Earth, 1477. But that he heard there no tradition of the same nature with those which we have enumerated, may be inferred from the fact, that he sailed in his expedition to America from the Canary Islands, in a south-west direction. The consequences which followed this enterprise of a civilized people, were widely different from those of the first discovery of America by the Norman adventurers. Though Columbus never contemplated the discovery of a new continent, though he and Amerigo Vespucci died in the firm persuasion that they had only visited Eastern Asia; nay, though Columbus believed that the sea gradually approached nearer and nearer to the sky until they touched each other; the praise bestowed upon him by the unanimous voice of ages is not excessive. He pursued a certain object, and passing through the gates opened by the Tyrians and Colæus of Samos, by perseverance and resolution inflexible, by surmounting dangers from which the most intrepid shrank, and obstacles which the most adventurous had failed to overcome, he finally achieved his purpose. The glorious lines of Tasso, c. 15, stanza 25, are due to such a man; and the passage cited by Humboldt from the Portuguese historian (which, though expressed in happier language, reminds us of the prejudice of those writers who think they show their patriotism by denying the genius of Napoleon), is a melancholy proof of the effect of national antipathy in blinding the reason and infatuating the judgment. Colum-

bus, when he sailed from the Azores, through an unexplored ocean, seeking, as he expressed it, "the East by the West," followed a settled and predetermined plan. He had on board the chart given to him by the Florentine physician and astronomer, Paolo Toscanelli, 1477, and which, fifty-three years after his death, was in the possession of Las Casas. This was the Carta de Marea which Columbus showed to Alonzo de Pingon, 25th September, 1492. If he had followed the advice of Toscanelli, Columbus would have taken a more northern course, and have kept in the parallel of Lisbon; but in the hope of reaching Japan he kept in the latitude of Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, till alarmed at not reaching the land, which according to his calculations he ought to have met with 216 sea miles nearer to the east, he gave way to the importunities of Alonzo de Pingon, and shaped his course to the south-west. And here occurs one of the most remarkable instances of the very trifling incidents which sometimes, under the control of Providence, change the face of nations and the universe. If Columbus had followed his own judgment, and continued his course towards the west, he would have fallen into the great Gulf Stream, and being carried to Florida, or perhaps Virginia, would have given to the country of the United States a Spanish and Catholic, instead of a Saxon and Protestant population. "I feel within me," said Pingon to the admiral (el corazon me da) "something that tells me we ought to sail in another course."

This inspiration, however, was owing to a flight of parrots which he had seen bearing towards the S.W. It may fairly be said, therefore, that these birds gave a different direction to the destinies of mankind. But Columbus is also entitled to the praise of having first discovered a place where the magnetic line is without deviation. After remarking, that as soon as he is one hundred miles west of the Azores he finds a sudden change in the motions of the heavenly bodies, in the temperature of the air, and the appearance of the sea; he says,—

I have observed these changes with excessive care, and remarked that the compass (aguja de mureaz), the declination of which was to the N.E., moves itself to the N.W.; and when I have passed this region, as one who surmounts a hill (como quien transpone una cuesta), I find a sea covered with such masses of weed, &c., that we expect the ships to run aground for want of water. * * * Again, at this limit the sea is calm and tranquil, and hardly ruffled by a breeze.

The glimpses, so to speak, of truth, and the beginnings of discoveries, indicated in this sentence, are very striking. The effects of latitude, the deviation of the magnet, the inflection of the isothermal line between the west coast of the new and the east coast of the old continent, with visions of physical geography, as vivid as they are correct, are all shadowed forth in it. But the career of Columbus, and of the enterprising men who followed in his steps, is too well known to demand that we should dwell upon it. Against many and terrible difficulties they were forced to contend, superstition holding the mind of the world in bondage, while a newly-awakened spirit of enterprise operated as a constant spur to fresh bodily exertion. But truth prevailed in the end, as it ever will, and its course was mainly made clear by three men, - Albertus Magnus, born at Cologne, the master of Thomas Aquinas, and, therefore, mentioned in the Paradiso, canto xx. verse 93; Friar Bacon, of Ilchester, the most remarkable person of his age; and Vincent of Beauvais, - who, by their writings and example, more than any other of the lights of that age of dawn, contributed to promote a sounder and healthier system of physical investigation.

After the discovery of the continent of America, and its extension from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn, the opening of the South Sea ranks as the most important addition of the age to the geographical knowledge of mankind. This event, which Columbus had foretold ten years previously to its occurrence, led to the knowledge of the west coast of the new and the eastern coast of the old continent, and put an end to the erroneous opinions which had hitherto prevailed touching the relative proportions of land and water on the globe. Heretofore the most liberal calculator allowed only two fourths of fluid to one of solid land. Columbus regarded this as extravagant; and Toscanelli, in his correspondence with the Admiral, renders it narrower still. Like Esdras, he supposed six sevenths of our planet to be dry land; and, in the Imago Mundi of Cardinal Petrus de Aliaco, a book which accompanied Columbus in his voyages, and from which, in his letters to Queen Isabella, he made large translations, the same notion was insisted upon. Six years after Balboa, wading up to his knees in the Pacific, had taken possession of it in the name of Castile, Magellan was navigating its waters. He traversed the mighty ocean from S.E. to N.W. for 1500 geographical miles; and, by an extraordinary fortune, saw no land but two small uninhabited islands, till he reached the Isles de los Ladrones and the Philippines.

After the murder of Magellan in the island Zebu, Sebastian de Elcani completed, in his ship, the circumnavigation of the globe. He entered the harbour of San Lucar, 1522. In 1527, an expedition under Alonzo da Saavedra had sailed from Mexico to the Moluccas, and

Cortes corresponded with the kings of Zebu and Tidore in the Asiatic archipelago. It is but a superficial and erroneous view of human motives, which regards as the sole principle that animated these conquerors and discoverers the love of gold, or even religious fanaticism. There is a poetry in danger and enterprise which, for a time at least, prevails over the monotony and routine of vulgar life; and the freedom and magnanimity of the age in which these events took place - the only age which can be set in comparison with the periods of classical antiquity lent an unspeakable charm to perilous and remote voyages. The imagination, even of the vulgar, was touched and captivated, the realities of life glowed with all the splendid coloring of romance; the meanest Spanish peasant, who knew that he was the subject of an empire within the limits of which the sun never set, that he was the countryman of Cortes and the contemporary of Columbus, must have felt his heart dilate with pride; and a sense of dignity was communicated to the national character which generations of oppression and misgovernment, of Bourbon kings and of Jesuit confessors, have not been able to destroy.

We cannot agree with our illustrious author, that the petty detail of the present age is a sufficient compensation for the loss of such thrilling and splendid objects. He who looks at the giant efforts of mankind in those days, at the sudden and magnificent increase of all the elements of civilization and knowledge, might well have anticipated for Europe a destiny far more glorious than she has since achieved; and, after the lapse of three centuries, a condition far more ennobling than that to which she can now lay claim. It seemed in that favored age, as if all things were combining to illustrate and to hasten the progress of mankind. In the same month when, after the battle of Otumba, Cortes led his troops against Mexico, Martin Luther, - with all his faults the great champion of intellectual freedom, - burnt the papal bulls at Wittenberg, and severed the first links of the chain which had so long bound his species to the earth. Then Leonardo da Vinci fathomed the depths of every science; and, by his exquisite art and inspiring eloquence, hastened the regeneration of the species. Then side by side with the return to light of the poets, orators, and historians of antiquity, came forth the most glorious monuments of Grecian art; the Laocoon, the Torso, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Medicean Venus; while Germany had her Holbein; Italy, her Michel Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Tasso, Ariosto, and Macchiavelli. The system of the universe was discovered by Copernicus, though not published, in the very year when Columbus died.

The discovery of the real size and distribution of the earth was followed by discoveries in the heavens. That man should acquire a correct idea of the planet which he inhabits is by no means wonderful, but that he should carry his investigations into regions separated from him by intervals so vast as to set imagination at defiance, may well justify the expressions of astonishment which pour from the lips and pens of those who have studied his nature most attentively, and portrayed his infirmities with greatest success.

What is an astronomical fact? That a star has been seen in the heavens at a particular moment, and at a particular angle. What fact, separately considered, can be less important? It was not the Chaldean shepherd or the Egyptian priest, but the Greek philosopher, who laid the foundation of astronomical science, by referring to certain general laws, the phenomena of diurnal movement. Astronomy began to exist when man was first able, from observations methodized by reason, to predict the time when the sun would rise, or any star would appear at a particular time and place in the horizon. It is this foresight, embodying the results of generalization, which, in the world of mind as well as of matter, in the speculations of the geometer as well as in the government of nations, distinguishes philosophy from erudition, and reason from routine, - the Montesquieus from the Eldons, and the Cromwells from the rulers of the day.

Humboldt, before he enters upon the age of Kepler, Galileo, Bacon, Tycho Brahé, Descartes, Huyghens, Fermâh, Newton, and Leibnitz, gives an account of a man who has identified his name with the system of the universe. When Columbus discovered America, Copernicus was studying astronomy at Cracow. After six years' residence in Italy, he returned again to that city, wholly engrossed with astronomical speculations. Having, by the influence of his uncle, Bishop of Ermland, been appointed Dean of Frauenburg, he continued for thirty-three years to labor at his work, De Revolutionibus Orbium Calestium. The first printed copy of it was brought to him on his death-bed; he saw and touched it, but his thoughts were turned to other subjects, and he beheld it with indifference. It has been erroneously supposed that Copernicus, through fear of provoking ecclesiastical indignation, merely put forward his discoveries as an hypothesis. This is a complete mistake, and is, indeed, directly contradicted by the dedication of his work to Pope Paul III. He stigmatizes the prevailing notion with regard to the immovability of the earth, as an absurd error, and censures the stupidity of those who entertained so ridiculous an opinion.

"If," says he, "any foolish sciolists should draw from some perverted passages in Scripture weapons for an attack upon his doctrine, he will treat them with contempt and disregard. Mathematicians only are authorities on mathematical topics. The wretched nonsense which Lactantius has written upon this subject is well known. To show how little he had to fear, he dedicates his work to the Father of the Church, for the Church itself may derive benefit from his calculations for its calendar."

Thus it was, that as chemistry and botany were endured for the sake of medical knowledge, astronomy owed its toleration by the secular and spiritural authorities to its supposed connexion with astrology, and the aid it furnished for making tables for movable feasts. The war of reason against prejudice ought to be open and unsparing, as it must be in the nature of things eternal and implacable. It is mere childishness - if we may imitate a splendid passage in Demosthenes - to suppose that darkness will ever be the friend of light; or that they who are supported by superstition and ignorance will cease to wage war against those who desire the welfare and improvement of mankind. There is a striking passage in Copernicus, which seems to shew that the theory of gravitation floated before his mind. But it is still more remarkable that Anaxagoras should have said that the moon, if the impulse which urged it forward was to cease, would fall to the earth like a stone from a sling. Copernicus and his followers, not aware of the strength of their own cause, admitted some of the principles of their antagonists. "A ball," said the latter, "dropped from the mast, does not fall at the foot of the mast, but behind it." The answer to this is, that the ball does fall at the foot of the mast. But, strange to say, so simple an appeal to experiment was not made; and a solution was sought in the doctrine, that the motion was not natural.

Tycho Brahé was the most illustrious antagonist of the Copernican doctrine; and it is sin gular enough, though Humboldt does not mention the fact, that, by having first brought forward the true theory of comets, he should have furnished an unanswerable argument in its favor. For if the Ptolemaic system were true, Tycho Brahe's theory of comets, in Fontenelle's phrase, 'exposoit l'univers d être cassé. However, in Tycho Brahe's defence it should be said, that the arguments of the advocates of the Copernican theory were equally vicious and metaphysical with those of their adversaries. Thus, with regard to the ball, they admitted the reality of the fact, and endeavoured, by a scholastic subtlety, to escape from the logical inference furnished by it against the motion of the earth. Even after the demonstrations of Galileo, Gassendi was obliged to perform a particular experiment in the port of Marseilles to convince these obstinate Peripatetics.

The experiment of Richer at Cayenne in 1672, when he found that the pendulum which swung seconds at Paris did not swing them at the equator, furnished — as the mere protuberance of the earth would not account entirely for the phenomenon, and the residue of it must, therefore, be explained by a centrifugal forcea conclusive proof in favor of Copernicus, even if the astronomical arguments had been set aside. The three most direct arguments for the Copernican theory, drawn from the celestial phenomena, are the precession of the equinoxes, the stationary and retrograde appearances exhibited by the planetary motions, and the aberration of light as discovered by Bradley, which last phenomenon is the most unanswerable and mathematically decisive of the whole. Kepler followed Tycho, and rivalled Copernicus. His wonderful genius was equalled by his patience. On the 8th of May, 1618, he discovered that the squares of the periodic times are to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. His discovery that the planets move round the sun in ellipses, of which the sun is the focus, cleared the Copernican system from the eccentric cycles and epicycles with which it was still encumbered. But an accidental discovery of the telescope in Holland, 1608, led to results beyond any which human genius had before been able to anticipate. Galileo, who heard of this at Venice, 1609, applied himself to various combinations of lenses, and succeeded at last in finding one which magnified thirty-two times. He discovered four of the satellites of Jupiter; he directed his telescope to the moon, and made those discoveries to which Milton has so beautifully alluded; he found the spots in the sun; and by observing the horned figure of Venus and the gibbosity of Mars, he added to the evidence of the Copernican system, and verified the prediction of its author, who had said, with unequalled sagacity, "that if the sense of sight were sufficiently strong, we should see Venus and Mercury exhibiting phases like those of the moon." No triumph could be more complete; it roused the jealousy of the ecclesiastical authorities. In 1633 Galileo was obliged to disavow his belief in the motion of the earth. "Eighty years," said the indignant Kepler, "have passed away, during which the doctrine of Copernicus has been taught without interruption; and now that new proofs of it are discovered, and new arguments obtrude themselves in its favor, arguments and proofs utterly unknown to the ecclesiastical judges, the teaching of the system is prohibited."

Among the great names of this century must

be numbered Cassini, Huyghens, Childrey, Horrox (whose early death was probably as great a loss as science has ever been called on to deplore), Hevelius, and Descartes. There was yet wanting one man to crown its glory, one discovery to complete the lucid and harmonious whole. That man was Isaac Newton, and that discovery was the Law of Gravitation.

- Fraser's Magazine.

CONVERSATION OF AN EASTERN TRAVEL-LER. - "You look like a perfect Peri to-night. You remind me of a girl I once knew in Circassia — Ameena, the sister of Schamyle Bey. Do you know, Miss Pim, that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople?" "Law, Mr. Bulbul!" is all Miss Pim can ejaculate; and having talked over Miss Pim, Clarence goes off to another houri, whom he fascinates in a similar manner. He charmed Mrs. Waddy by telling her that she was the exact figure of the Pacha of Egypt's second wife. He gave Miss Tokely a piece of the sack in which Zuleikah was drowned; and he actually persuaded that poor little silly Miss Vain to turn Mahometan, and sent her up to the Turkish ambassador's to look out for a Mufti. - Our Street.

UNCHANGEABLENESS IN THE ETERNAL CITY. — As an instance of how much the god Terminus rules in Rome, and how little liable an established thing is to alteration, I can mention that not only the house and the baker's shop, but even the identical marble counter and the scales, are to be seen in full operation this week, just in the same state as they were when, over three hundred years ago, Raphael's Fornarina sold penny rolls across that counter, and a succession of bakers and baker maidens has never ceased to officiate therein. The almost invisible inscription over the plinth of the door was carved by Raphael's own hand, "TRAHIT SVA QUEMOVE VOLVPTAS." The family of Prince Massimo (our famous postmaster) have lived on the same spot where the Palazzo Massimo stands, in the Via dei Massimi, for the last nine hundred years! When I was a student at the university here, a quarter of a century ago (I am ashamed to own as much), I used to frequent, with the other collegians, a large establishment for dining in Via Condotti. There were ten waiters attending the various rooms twentyfive years ago, and on looking into the concern the other day, I recognized eight of the ten still extant! The two others waited there no longer, because - they were dead. - Roman Correspondent of the Daily News.

GARDEN WHIMSIES.

There must be something, we are inclined to imagine, intoxicating in having much to do with flowers and gardens. Possibly a sort of hortifloral love may have to be reckoned by the psychologist among the passions of the human breast; if so, we would set down as one of its first general laws, that this sentiment has a great tendency to attain an extravagant height, and to pass all the common boundaries of common sense. Of the flower-love, we have the familiar instance of the Tulipomania as an illustration; and we may learn, in addition, that sober Dutchmen, headover-ears in this passion, have been known to half starve themselves, that they might feed their anemones - to lose entire days in love-sick gazing upon a hyacinthine beauty - and to tremble for the consequences of a careless stranger breathing over a fair auricula. We happen to have known a person in the outskirts of London who carried his passion for tulips to such a pitch of frenzy that he ruined his family, and almost broke the heart of his wife. Finally, his household was reduced to a single bedstead; but this he one day took and placed over a group of tulips, tent-wise, to keep off the too ardent glare of the sun; having performed this droll feat, he sat down, pipe in hand, and for hours gazed with delight on the resplendent tints of his favorites. Cases of this nature supply us with a strong presumption that a love for flowers is liable to run into monomania. The extravagances of garden-makers are at all events curious, and worthy of notice.

It was according to rule that the excitable people of Italy would be among the greatest sufferers by the attacks of this disorder. A modern writer on Italy is lost in admiration of the garden doings of some of the cardinals of former days. Their riches, their taste, their learning, their leisure, their frugality, all conspired in this one object. "The eminent founder would expend thousands upon his garden, but allot only a crown for his own dinner!" The garden of the Borghese villa, of all others, was costly, luxurious, and whimsical. We read that from a distance this garden appeared like a great town, the wall being interrupted here and there with castles, turrets, and banqueting-houses. "Within," exclaims enthusiastic Evelyn, "it was an elysium of delight." It abounded with all kinds of delicious fruits; exotic plants of the rarest description breathed out odors the most pleasing, and spent their vegetable lives amid the music of a thousand fountains and the murmur of countless rivulets. It contained a grotto of the most rare

device, in which, at the visitor's pleasure, there fell down showers of artificial rain, which, we may add, often wetted him through against that will. Water in this place put on the character of Proteus; it was now jetting up in a full round bore, and, dashing against the roof of the grot, came tumbling down in millions of sparkles; now it was streaming out into an elegant vase, brilliant, liquid, inconstant; and now it flew into the form of a great convolvulus, or radiated away into an aster. If we may take the good gossip's word for it, and we are fully disposed to do so, "nothing but what was magnificent was to be seen in that paradise." The gardens of the Vatican, at the same period, were laid out and ornamented, and be-whimsied to an extent even surpassing their Borghese rival. They abounded in curious fountains, many of which tossed their water to the clouds. There were also wonderful grottoes of the 'most artificial' construction, and mimic lakes adorned the scene, on which floated diminutive men of war; and there also three bees poured from copper trunks three jets of water, under which was written some very witty Latin.

An estimate of the splendor of the Horti Matthei may be obtained from the circumstance, that, on pain of forfeiture of the inheritance, an annual outlay of not less than six thousand crowns was necessary to be expended on them. The gardens of Frascati were of wide celebrity: in the centre rose a hill covered with wood, and naturally carved into such a fantastic outline, as if it had been a work of art. From its summit fell a cascade, which precipitated itself into a noble theatre of water, and as it fell, shone with an iridescence, when gleaming in the sunshine, which might vie even with the rainbow. Here was nature. But under the falling waters there was a grotto upon which vast sums must have been spent; and in it was a variety of instruments, played by the unwilling waters of the cascade. There were hydraulic organs; grumbling, uncomfortable, out-of-breath contrivances, now bellowing away might and main, then, as the air-chest got hydrothorocized, sighing out some indistinct notes of nobody knew what; while a spasmodic Cupid, as leader of the band, would twitch his arms and baton in a distressing irregularity of time; and three Titans at the farther end pound with wooden hammers a sham bit of iron on a sham anvil of deal; and a dance of skeletons enliven with their monotonous gyrations the background of the apparatus. Besides these, there was a monster to frighten ladies and little children, by roaring through a terrific horn; and finally, the representation of a storm, with such a fury of wind, rain, and tempest, as one would imagine the elements might themselves envy.

Every one has heard tell of the famous garden of Tivoli. It seems to have been an exquisite place, and it cost altogether nearly a million. It was crowded with innumerable statues, and abounded in stately fountains. One long and broad walk was full of jets d'eau, and each fountain represented one of Ovid's metamorphoses. Its principal lion was a large model of the imperial city, when 'she sat a queen' over the kingdoms of the earth. It represented all her amphitheatres, shows, temples, aqueducts, arches, and streets; and through it wandered a little rivulet, the representative of old Tiber, which gushed out of an urn held by a statue of the god. Farther on, a fountain of dragons roared out water; and a grotto, by a strange misnomer called the Grotto di Natura, resounded with the melodious wind and water strains of a large hydraulic organ. The great Cardinal Richelieu had also expended an enormous sum in embellishing the gardens attached to his palace at Ruelle. These splendid gardens contained a piece of real nature in the midst of them, consisting of a corn-field, vineyards, meadows, and groves, which bare corn, and yielded grapes, and grew grass and leaves, the same as an ordinary farm. Here reaping, and harvesting, and every agricultural occupation were served up for the cardinal's amusement. But he was a great water wit also. In one of the walks was a basilisk of copper, near which some practical joker of a fountaineer was sure to be placed; and as the visitor was wondering at the metallic monster, he would be suddenly saluted with a powerful jet of water from its mouth; and if he fled, the wily basilisk would set to revolving rapidly, and shooting out its water to an immense distance, so that it was a certain thing for him to get drenched to the skin. At the end of another walk was an admirable view of Constantine's arch, painted in oil upon the wall, with the clear blue sky appearing so faithfully, that birds were frequently found dead at its foot, having dashed against the wall in the attempt to fly through it. Artificial cascades filled the air with glittering spray, and sheets of water like glass gleamed in the summer's sun. There was a grotto here too, and this was a grotto such as nature never beheld. In the midst of it was a marble table, all round which a sort of water banquet was displayed, various jets continually playing in the form of crystal goblets, glasses, crosses, flowers, and crowns. The roof showered down an everlasting rain; and in emerging from

this place of wonders, two sharp-shooting musqueteers took a generally successful aim at the visitor with their water-charges.

The Dutch gardens were mathematical whimsicalities. Triangles of orange-trees, ellipses of water, rhomboids of parterres, and parallel lines of groves, were the delight and glory of this taste. The very fountains partook of the same squareset character, and played with a sober steadiness altogether unlike the gambols in which that element generally wantons. The garden of St. Germain was famous for its subterraneous artificial caverns, where scenes of various kinds were performed by the force of water. Here were mills revolving, men fishing, birds chirrupping, and sundry other devices of curious sort, especially an Orpheus, surrounded by dancing animals. The celebrated gardens of Versailles contained, besides numerous other remarkables, a series of fountains which represented Æsop's fables. The animals were all of brass, and painted in their proper colors, and cast forth water, in different forms, out of their mouths. The fox and the crane were thus personated: upon a rock stood a fox, lapping something from a flat gilded dish; while the unhappy crane, whose length of bill offered a serious obstacle to its joining in the feast, spouted water up into the air by way of complaint. There were altogether thirty-nine such follies, occupying different walks. These gardens cost two hundred millions of francs, and altogether cover two hundred acres of ground. M. Girardin, who expended a fortune on his gardens, added to their attractions that of a little patch, desolate and neglected, which he called his "garden in ruins." He was very vain of the "points" about his grounds; and to call proper attention to them, used to employ a band of music to wander from spot to spot, so that the eyes of visitors might be drawn in succession to the different lions of the place. "In the ducal gardens at Gotha," says the Quarterly, "is a ruined castle, which was built complete, and then ruined expres by a few rounds of artillery!"

At home, another sort of oddity disfigured our gardens. This was called the Topiary Art. Under the hands of Loudon and Wise, our evergreens underwent metamorphoses more wonderful than Ovid's. It was said they left the marks of their scissors on every plant and bush. The ingenious Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, expresses himself in warm terms of admiration upon these feats of the primary shears. At Hampton Court were some remarkable animals and castles cut in box, and a mighty wren's nest, which was sufficiently capacious to receive a man on a seat inside. Box-trees were often cut into sun-dials and coats-of-arms, and now and then some venerable mansion gloried

in a couple of giant guards, "clothed in living green," which kept up a perpetual watch near the gates, looking as natural as branches and leaves could well look. Listen to Horace Walpole. "The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the useful elm, even the aspiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the chestnut, and the almost perfectly-moulded orange-tree, were corrected by such fantastic admirers of symmetry. The compass and square were of more use in plantations than the nursery-man. Many French groves seem green chests set upon poles." Giants, and monsters of horrible grotesqueness, were the pride of the day: and the Gog and Magog, which may still be seen in some of our suburban citizens' gardens, are but faint and feeble outlines of the colossal stature and ferocious features of their boxen and vew-tree ancestors. We had our water-jokers in England too. At Euston, in Oxfordshire, in the gardens of a certain worshipful gentleman, were the most artistic water ingenuities it has been our lot to meet a description of as existing in this country. They even drew down the marked approbation of royalty itself. On approaching the spot, a venerable hermit rose from the ground, and after entertaining one with a "neat and appropriate" speech, sank down again like a Jack-in-a-box. There was a small rocky island in the midst of a lake, which was full of watery tricks. The visitor was politely requested to walk up and view this spot; and after satisfying his curiosity, and proceeding to walk down again, the fountaineer would bob down, turn a cock, and send, we dare not say how many, jets d'eau flying on all sides of the victim, one stream having for its object his legs, another his loins, and another his head. After this funny reception, he was conducted to look at a spaniel hunting a duck, by the force of water - the automata diving and pursuing each other by turns. Beyond was the grotto; a hedge of sparkling jets of water rose from the ground to guard it, mimic cascades foamed down in tiny cataracts, and countless streams shot up, and appeared to lose themselves by being caught in their return, and not suffered to fall down again. Here, too, a nightingale discoursed very liquid music, and arched jets of water played with one another, and now and then with the visitor, all hope of egress being destroyed by the sudden pouring down of a heavy rain in the doorway. The sport which this caused was thought to be well worth the wetting. Probably the magnificent gardens at Chatsworth are the only places where anything at all similar to the above is now to be found. There are some practical wet jokes even here; and country bumpkins, in their native innocence, may be found willing to pay a visit

to the weeping tree. The visit is never repeated.

After a while we are growing out of these whimsies, and a purer taste is diffusing itself over our pleasure-grounds; but to this hour the Chinese are even more full of them than were we, or any other nation, at our worst. Macartney says, "it is the excellence of a Chinese gardner to conquer nature," and it must be confessed it is an excellence which is pretty common in China, for by no stretch of the imagination can nature be recognized, excepting in her productions in their gardens. The Chinese emperor's pleasure-garden contained, it is said, two hundred palaces, and was on a scale of great magnificence. Artificial rocks rose up out of flat plains; canals and serpentizing bridges enlivened the scene; and here the emperor played at agriculture and commerce. A small corn-field was reaped and carried home right under his celestial eyes; and as an amusement for him within doors, shops were erected, and business done as in the city, with all its minutiæ, especially with the tricks of trade. Practical jokes are still in great vogue, and the walks are broken of purpose into holes and foot-traps, the fun being to get into them and get out again with limping, if not broken limbs. Nice, tempting, green, grassy little plots intersect some of them, on which, if the visitor plant his foot, he sinks to his middle in a bog. In these cases, however, the fun must not unfrequently become rather serious.

We might go on almost ad infinitum on this inexhaustible subject: we prefer to stop. Our object has been to expose the puerilities with which the childish taste of men has dishonored what Lord Bacon declared to be "the purest of all human pleasures." At no time do the most exquisite works of man endure a comparison with those of his Maker—how much less so when it is a few childish toys, with their babbling and squirting absurdities, which are unnaturally united with the exquisite scenery and chaste creations which have proceeded from His hands!

— Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

How a Reviewer May avoid Prejudice.—In the palmy days of the Edinburgh Review, Sidney Smith happened to call on a colleague, whom he found to his surprise actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms, his friend inquired how he managed, when performing the critical office? "Oh," said Sidney Smith, "I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so."

THORWALDSEN.

FROM THE DANISH OF H. C. ANDERSEN.

A rich page in the history of Art lies unrolled and deciphered before us! Thorwaldsen has lived! His life was a continued triumph: fortune and victory waited on him, and art was recognized and reverenced in his person. The life of this happy one - this triumphal march may be painted in words, as with colors. To represent the whole in painting, we should The first is a Danish sketch three scenes. beech-forest, where the king stands before an altar of rude stone blocks, surrounded by the priests, with a thick gold circlet on his head. This is the King of Denmark, Harald Hildetand. His eye sparkles - his head is proudly raised for the mighty gods have sworn to him that, after many centuries, one of his descendants shall stretch out his sceptre from the North Cape to the southernmost point of Europe - far towards east and west - and his name shall be recorded in the book of nations. See the next scene! Centuries have rolled by, and it is our own age; a poor boy, with a little red cap on his golden hair, carries an earthen pitcher, slung by a cord, through one of the narrow streets of Copenhagen - he is bringing dinner to his father, who works in the dockyard, carving rude figure-heads for the ships. But observe this child! he is the youngest of King Harald Hildetand's race, and in him the promise shall be fulfilled. But how? The third scene will show. The boy has become a man - the yellow hair white - but it hangs upon his powerful shoulders in a rich profusion; around stand noble marble forms - Jason with the golden fleece, the Graces, the Holy Apostles; it is the King of Artists whom we see - the scion of Harald Hildetand - the poor boy, who now as a man stretches his sceptre in the realm of Art, over the countries of Europe - it is Bertel Thorwaldsen.

It is not the imagination of a poet—it is reality—which has furnished the subject for each picture. Iceland has preserved for the northern nations their ancient language, mythology, and history. Their genealogies may be found accurately in the Sagas; and thus we have Thorwaldsen's.

The family is descended from the Danish king, Harald Hildetand; from Denmark it fled to Norway, and afterwards to Iceland. We read in the Saga of the Laxdölern, that one of this stock, Oluf Paa, was a powerful chief, whose taste for works of art is celebrated in the songs of the bards. Bertel Thorwaldsen's spirit stirred

in the chieftain's breast. Hear the Saga: "Oluf Paa built a larger and more beautiful banquetting-hall than was ever seen before. On the walls and ceiling were painted celebrated events from the old Sagas; and they were so finely executed, that the hall was far more beautiful than if it had been hung with tapestry. When the hall was finished, Oluf Paa gave a great banquet, to which the bard Ulfa Uggason came, who composed a poem upon Oluf Paa and the Sagas which were pictured on the walls. This poem was called 'Hunsdrapa.'"

A likeness in intellectual peculiarities, as well as in features and manners, may be preserved through many generations; and those of Oluf Paa, elevated and heightened, shone forth in our Thorwaldsen.

At Copenhagen, on the 19th of November, 1770, Karen Grönland, the daughter of a Jutland preacher, and the wife of the image-carver, Gottschalk Thorwaldsen, bore her husband a son, who at his baptism received the name of Bertel. The father had come over from Iceland, and was in needy circumstances; the couple dwelt in the small Grünstrasse, not far from the Academy of Arts. The moon looked often into the poor chamber—she has told us of it herself:—*

"Father and mother were sleeping; but the little son slept not. I saw," said the moon, "the flowered chintz bed-curtains move - the child looked out. I thought at first he was watching the clock, it was painted so gaily in red and green. A cuckoo sat above it - there were heavy weights - and the pendulum, with its shining brass-plate, went backwards and forwards, tick, tick. But it was not that he looked at: no! it was his mother's spinning-wheel. This stood exactly under the clock, and it was the boy's favorite piece of furniture; but he dared not touch it, else he should get a slap on his finger. He could sit whole hours, when his mother spun, watching the humming spool, and circling wheel; and he had his own thoughts then. Ah! could he but spin upon the wheel! Father and mother slept: he looked at them he looked at the wheel - and soon after one little naked foot peeped out of bed, and then another little naked foot, then came two little legs - he stood upon the floor! He turned back once, to see if father and mother were asleep, and then he went softly - quite softly - in

* "Picture-book without Pictures." 24th Evening.

nothing but his little short shirt, to the spinningwheel, and began to spin. The band flew off, and the wheel turned quickly. At the same instant the mother awoke - the curtain moved - she looked out, and thought it was a Kobold or some other little sprite.

"'In Jesus' name!' said she, and touched her

husband timidly."

"He opened his eyes, rubbed them, and looked at the busy little creature."

"'That is Bertel!' said he."

What the moon relates is here the first picture in Thorwaldsen's Life Gallery - for it is a real scene. Thorwaldsen himself, in familiar conversation with the author, at Nysö, has related, almost word for word, what he has made the moon say in his poem. It was one of Thorwaldsen's earliest remembrances - how he sat in his little short shirt in the moonshine, spinning at his mother's wheel, and how the dear mother took him for a little sprite.

Some years ago there was still living an old ship-carpenter, who remembered the little fair blue-eyed Bertel, who used to come to his father in the carving-house of the dockyard. He was to learn his father's trade; and as the latter felt the disadvantage of not being able to draw, the boy at eleven years of age was sent to the free school of the Academy of Arts, where he made rapid progress. Two years later, Bertel could help his father, and even improve his work. See the ship heaving in the dock! the Danish flag is waving - the workmen sit in the shade round their simple breakfast; but in the front stands the principal figure in this picture; it is a boy, who boldly carves the features of the wooden image at the ship's prow. It is its guardian spirit; and shall wander through the wide world as the work of Bertel Thorwaldsen's hand. The ever-heaving sea shall baptize it with its waters, and wreathe garlands of sea-plants round it!

Our next picture represents a later period. Unobserved amongst the other boys, he has frequented the school of the Academy for six years, where he stands silent and sparing of words before his drawing-board. His answers are yes or no - a nod or shake of the head; but gentleness beams in his countenance, and kindliness in every gesture. The picture shows us Bertel at his confirmation. He is seventeen years old - no very early age to acknowledge his baptismal obligations; he is placed before the pastor in the lowest rank, his knowledge not entitling him to a higher. A short time before, the newspapers had announced that the pupil Thorwaldsen had received the small silver medal from the Academy.*

* The bas-relief which gained the prize, represents a sleeping Cupid.

"Is it your brother who has won the silver medal?" asked the pastor.

"It is I myself," said Bertel. The clergyman looked at him benignantly, placed him above the other boys, and called him henceforth "Monsieur Thorwaldsen." Oh, how this word vibrated through his heart! he has often since said it sounded greater than any title kings

could bestow; he never forgot it.

In a little house in "Aabenraa," the street where Holberg places the dwelling of his poor poet, Bertel Thorwaldsen lived with his parents, and divided his time between art and his labors for his father. The small gold medal of the Academy was to be given as a prize for sculpture. Thorwaldsen was twenty years of age. His friends knew his powers better than himself, and they obliged him to undertake the proposed subject-" Heliodorus driven from the Temple."

We are at Charlottenburg,* but the little room where Thorwaldsen sat a few minutes before, completing his sketch, is empty, and he is hurrying down the narrow back stairs, chased by the demons of fear and distrust, to return no more. In the life of a great genius nothing is accidental; the hand of Providence guides the apparent trifle. Thorwaldsen was destined to fulfil his task. Who is it that stops him on the dark back stairs? One of the professors is just coming that way - speaks to him, questions him, exhorts him; he returns, and in four hours the sketch is completed, and the small gold medal won. This was on the 15th of August, 1791. The minister of state, Count Ditlew von Rewentlow, saw the young artist's work, and became his patron. He procured him employment, and placed his own name at the head of a subscription, which gained him freer opportunity of devoting himself to his studies. Two years afterwards, the large gold medal was won, and with it a sum of money for the expenses of travelling; but before his departure, his education was to be attended to. A year passed; he read and studied; the Academy countenanced him, and he advanced in knowledge. We will glance upon an object dear to him at this time. We find it at his feet in those pleasant evening scenes, when he sat in the merry club, with men like Rahbek and Steffens, a silent looker-on; we find it in a corner behind the large stove; at home in the shabby room, which contrasted strongly with the well-dressed gentlemen who visited it; we see it fastened by a string behind the door of the theatre, where Thorwaldsen has to speak two replies in his little part in the "Parber of Seville;" it is his favorite dog, who is connected

^{*} A royal palace in New Market.

with this period — with the whole of his life. He loved it, and thought upon it often as he worked, his faithful and beloved companion. All his friends were anxious to have one of its offspring; for once, when a creditor of Bertel's was too importunate, he sprang furiously upon the harsh dun. Thorwaldsen has immortalized him in marble; and not his first love, which the poet's breast usually transforms into an unfading Daphne leaf.

We are acquainted with a chapter of this history. In the spring of 1796 Thorwaldsen was to set out on his wanderings through the world, over the Alps, to Rome; but he was taken ill, and after the illness was very depressed. There was war in Germany, and his friends advised him to go in the royal frigate "Thetis," which was to sail directly for the Mediterranean. He was in love at the time, and bade the beloved one farewell, honorably and frankly saying, "Thou shalt not hold thyself bound to me, now that I am going to travel. If thou remainest constant to me and I to thee, until we meet again, in some years, all is settled!" And thus they parted, and only met after many, many years - a short time before his death - she as a widow, he as Europe's ever youthful artist. When Thorwaldsen's body was borne in royal state through the streets, an old woman of the lower class wept at an open window - it was The first farewell was recalled to her memory by the last. The first farewell! yes! that was a festal day. The cannons thundered "farewell" from the frigate "Thetis." See how the sails swell in the breeze - the water foams at the prow - the ship passes the wooded coast - Copenhagen's towers disappear; Bertel stands on the bow - the waves sprinkle the image of Thetis, whose features he has carved. But at home, in the little chamber in "Aabenraa," sits the inconsolable mother, mourning over the loss of her son, whom she will never see again never again press to her heart. One of Bertel's dearest friends is there also. He brings her a little purse of ducats from the traveller; but she shakes her head, exclaiming, "I want nothing but my child, who will perish in the raging sea!" And she takes from the chest his old black silk waistcoat, and imprints a thousand kisses on it, weeping bitter tears for her beloved Bertel.

A whole year passes away. We are upon the Molo, at Naples, at the latter end of February.* The packet-boat arrives from Palermo. Turks, Greeks, Maltese, people of all nations, come on shore. Amongst them stands a pale, delicate Northern; he helps the Facchini to bear his luggage, and shakes his head at their loquacity,

for he does not understand their language. What avails it that the sun shines without so clear and warm - there is no sunshine within; his heart is sore, and depressed with home-sickness. And thus Bertel Thorwaldsen treads at last the soil of Italy, towards which, Ulysseslike, he has hastened. The "Thetis" had first made a cruise in the North Sea, in order to guard the northern coast against the English privateers. It was not until September that the ship passed the channel, and it arrived, in October, at Algiers, where the plague had broken out. Then followed a long quarantine at Malta; then a voyage to Tripoli, in order to negociate a cessation of hostilities against the Danish ships there. Whilst the captain was on shore, the ship loosed from her anchorage, drifted forth, and kept a new quarantine at Malta, in such a condition that it was necessary to keel-hale her. At Malta, therefore, Thorwaldsen quitted his countrymen, and went in an open boat to Palermo, whence the packet-boat brought him to Naples.

He met none of his countrymen, and did not understand the language. Downcast and restless, the very next day he sought in the harbour, to see if amongst the many foreign flags, the white cross on a red ground was waving. Had it been there, he would have returned to Denmark. Sick at heart, he burst into tears. The old Neapolitan woman with whom he was lodging, saw him weep, and thought, "It is certainly love which afflicts him - love for some one in his cold barbarous country." And she wept with him, thinking, perhaps, of her own first love; for the rose-tree may still live, though it be harvest-time, and it stands leafless with its berries upon it. "What has been the end of his journey? - why does the coward return?" Such were the words with which he would have been greeted at home. This he felt in these moments of conflict, and shame overcame his gentle spirit. In this mood he hastily engaged a place with a vetturino to Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797, a day which was celebrated by his friends in Copenhagen as his birth-day, before they knew the real date. The 8th of March was the day on which Thorwaldsen was born to Art in Rome.

A portrait meets us here. It is that of a Dane, the learned and severe Zoega, to whom the young artist has been recommended. But he discerns no unusual talent in him, and his eyes discover in his works nothing but a slavish imitation of the antique. We will let three years glide away, and ask Zoega what he now thinks of Bertel, or as the Romans call him, "Alberto." The severe judge shakes his head, and says—"There is much to blame; little with which one can be content; and he is not

^{*} The "Thetis" sailed from Copenhagen the 20th of May, 1796.

even diligent!" Diligent, however, he was; but his genius was unseen by the unseeing eye. "Then the snow thawed from my eyes," he has often said to himself. The drawings of the Danish painter Carsten were among the works of intellect that shed their influence upon the growing genius. The little atelier was like a battlefield - all around lay broken statues; the spirit created them in the hours of night, and they were shattered in discontent at their faults. The three years had flown away, and nothing was yet produced. The time of his return home was at hand; and some work must be completed, lest it should be said in Denmark, "Thorwaldsen has wasted his time in Rome." Mistrusting his genius when she most lovingly embraced him - expecting no conquest, when he stood midway in its path - he modelled "Jason after having won the Golden Fleece." This it was that Thorwaldsen longed to gain in the kingdom of art, and which he now believed he must relinquish. The figure was modelled in clay; it was regarded by many with indifference - he broke it. In April, 1801, the journey home was to have been undertaken with Zoega, but was delayed until the following autumn. "Jason" still occupied all his thoughts; and a new and larger statue was modelled - an immortal work. But it was not yet revealed to the world, or understood by it. "Here is something above the common," said the multitude. Even the renowned Canova encouraged him, and exclaimed - " Quest 'opera di quel giovane Danese è fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!" Zoega smiled; "Bravo, that is well!" The Danish lady, Frederika Brun, was then in Rome, and celebrated the praises of Thorwaldsen's "Jason." She assisted the artist to have his work east in plaster, for he had no more money than was just sufficient to fetch him home.

The last glass of wine was drained at parting; the trunks were packed; the vetturino's carriage stood before the door in the morning dawn; the luggage was tying on behind, when a fellowtraveller came - the sculptor Hagemann, who was going to his native city, Berlin. His passport was not correct, and the journey must be put off till next day; Thorwaldsen promised, notwithstanding the displeasure of the vetturino, to wait so long. He stayed - stayed to win for himself an immortal name on earth - to cast sunshine over Denmark. The bombs of the British have overthrown the towers of Copenhagen - the British have robbed us of our fleet but in our just resentment we must remember that it was an Englishman who preserved thee, Bertel Thorwaldsen, for us and for our country's glory. It was the will of God that an Englishman should raise up more for us than our tow- to receive Napoleon. There were several rooms

ers - should increase the renown of the nation's name more than the streaming flags and thundering cannon of all its ships could have done. The Englishman, Thomas Hope, stood in the little chamber which the artist was about to leave, before the veiled "Jason;" it was a critical moment in the history of Thorwaldsen and in that of art. The rich stranger had been led there by the valet de place; for Canova had said that "Jason" was a work in a new and elevated style. Thorwaldsen demanded only 600 sequins to complete his work in marble; Hope instantly offered him 800. The path of fame now opened before him. "Jason" was not completed and sent to the noble Briton for five-and-twenty years afterwards; but in these years other chef d'auvres were executed, and Thorwaldsen's name was inscribed amongst the immortals.

A favorite of fortune, he was yet at times sick at heart. The sun of Naples could not reach his ailment, but friendship and loving care could, and these he found with Baron Schubart, the Danish ambassador, in Tuscany. With him, at his pretty villa, Montenero, near Leghorn, health returned to his body, and peace to his mind. His summer sojourn in this place is depicted in his bas-reliefs, "Summer" and "Autumn." Here princes and artists associated themselves with him affectionately, and admiration and esteem met him on every side. He produced here the "Dance of the Muses on Helicon," in marble, and "Cupid and Psyche." This group stood completed in the castle; a storm came on; the lightning fell, and shattered all the statues, with the exception of "Cupid and Psyche." This was a token from heaven that he was its favorite; its lightning spared the work of Thorwaldsen. The sea itself in its fury spared his "Venus with the Apple;" for the beautiful statue rose in safety from the surf, after the melancholy news of the sinking of the ship on its voyage to England had been announced. The rumor of the recognition of Thorwaldsen's genius reached Denmark, and awakened interest and joy. He was named a member of the Royal Academy of Art, and received orders for the palace and senate-house. Glorious statues were now produced; new works of art, new commissions, followed. Years fled by. Our reigning monarch, then Prince Christian, wrote for him, and Thorwaldsen expressed his joy and his desire to return, but various works detained him for some time in the city of the Pope.

All was rejoicing and activity in Rome. An imperial palace was to be erected on the Quirinal Hill, and artists and workmen were busied multifariously, for it was to be ready in May, 1812, where spaces were left on the walls for basreliefs. No one thought of Thorwaldsen's assistance-he was returning home to the north. Time pressed, and the work must be completed. The architect, Stern, who directed the whole, happened accidentally to sit next Thorwaldsen at the academy of St. Luca, and proposed to him to execute a frieze in plaster, twenty-nine Danish ells in length, which must be completed in three months. Thorwaldsen promised, and kept his word: he completed a chef d'auvre, "the Triumph of Alexander." * Its fame reached all countries; Denmark was excited to enthusiasm. Sums were collected to obtain it in marble, and the Danish government gave an order for it.

Thorwaldsen remained in Rome, and new works were executed. We will pause to consider two of the year 1815.

Weeks and months had elapsed without Thorwaldsen's having produced any thing. He wandered about, sunk in inexplicable sadness. Early one summer's morning, after a sleepless night, he placed himself before the moist clay, and in a moment formed his celebrated bas-relief, "Night;" and as he worked, the dark cloud vanished from his soul - it was day, clear, sunny day; he gained a cheerful peace which ever after did him homage as the self-conqueror. A Danish friend found him before the finished basrelief, sporting gaily with a great cat and his dog Teverino. The modeller came the same day to bring it to be moulded, and Thorwaldsen had already "Day" in hands, and said, "Wait a little, and we can have this cast at the same time." In one day were two immortal works completed.

On the 14th of July, 1819, at four o'clock in the morning, he commenced his journey homewards, in company with Count Rantzau zu Breitenburg, and the historical painter, Lund. He reached Copenhagen on the third of October, by Schleswig, Als, and Fünen. Twenty-three years had elapsed since he was last here. It was destined that his parents should not see him—his mother should never press her beloved Bertel to her heart, nor hear the homage paid him, nor see the rejoicings which greeted his return; they had long since departed—but from heaven they looked upon him—from heaven they followed

him on his path of earthly triumph. The tears of a mother upon earth, her prayers in heaven, are blessings. In all the Italian and German towns, both rich and poor approached him with tokens of reverence; and many a young and enthusiastic artist hastened to the town, which he knew Thorwaldsen would pass through. At one of the last stages towards Stutgard, a traveller stopped the carriage in which Thorwaldsen was, and requested permission to go on in it; it was granted, and he told how he had come a long way, in order to see the great artist, Thorwaldsen, in the town where he was expected. Thorwaldsen made himself known - it was one of the most delightful moments in the stranger's life. Love and homage had made his journey home a triumphal procession; his arrival was not less so. See! how old and young press around him! A hearty shake of the hand - a kiss - is Thorwaldsen's "good day." All this worldly exaltation and honor did not spoil his upright mind, and simple manners. A dwelling is allotted him at Charlottenburg; his eye seeks, amongst the crowd who surround him, one old friend. The old porter stands modestly at the door in his red coat - the old man of his youthful days. Thorwaldsen throws himself into his arms, and kisses him heartily.

Festival followed festival in honor of Thorwaldsen. The most brilliant was that given by the students of the university, and held on the royal shooting-ground. Oelenschlager made an oration, at the conclusion of which the poet demanded that he should represent one of the old gods of the north. Songs were sung, cannons thundered, toasts were drunk—one for Thorwaldsen's "Graces" in the toast to "Danish Maidens."

He soon craved employment. The atelier was arranged, and every one flocked to it to see him at his work; to most of the people of Copenhagen, it was a new art. A beautiful woman asked him naïvely, when she saw him modelling the soft clay with his fingers—

- "You do not do this work yourself, when you are in Rome?"
- "I assure you," replied he, good humoredly, "this is the most important part."

About a year afterwards, he left Copenhagen. It is pitch-dark night—a dead calm—and an open boat lay quietly some miles beyond Laaland. The seals howled on the banks; the sailors sat listening doubtfully in the stern, and knew not what to do; the mirror of water is ruffled already—a storm is gathering—it comes with whistling wings; the waves rock the light boat—there is death in the fearful abyss, but death mows with his scythe only the foam from the high waves. Thorwaldsen is on board; his

^{*} There are four different editions of the "Triumph of Alexander."

That in the Quirinal, which may be considered as a sketch.

II. Somariva's copy, which has various additions.
III The complete copy, enlarged with several designs, which may be regarded as the perfect one.
IV. The copy at the castle of Christiansburg, at

IV. The copy at the castle of Christiansburg, at Copenhagen, which was accurately executed from the latter, in 1829 – 30.

mission in the kingdom of art on earth is not yet fulfilled. At dawn, the Sootse comes to their help, and they reach Rostock. Through Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw,* and Vienna, he journeyed to Rome, his second home - in every town homage and admiration meeting him. Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Francis received the artist with distinction; the journey added to the triumph of his life. Here again he stood, in his creative power, in his airy, Roman atelier. Roses clustered in at the open windows; the yellow oranges shone in the warm sun; immortal works sprung up beneath his chisel. "Christ and the Twelve Apostles" were modelled; "Copernicus" sat there in strength and greatness.

It was the last day of Lent, 1823; bells were ringing, and fire-arms resounding. Thorwaldsen's landlady had a little son. After the meal on Good Friday, the boy begged him to lend him his pistols. He went into his bed-room, where they hung as they were left after the journey, to fetch them. Thorwaldsen took one down, and tried it at the open window. The boy, meanwhile, had seized the other - it went off, and Thorwaldsen fell to the ground. The boy sees blood, and utters a shriek; but the ball had flattened within his clothing. The loading was not sufficient to develop its murderous power, and the blood flowed only from two wounded fingers; his preservation filled the Roman people with the belief, that he was under the especial protection of the Madonna.

Yes! here, as ever, Heaven watched over him. Behold! it is dark night - stillness in the streets of Rome - stillness in Thorwaldsen's dwelling. Two well-armed fellows glide in open the door with false keys - place themselves within on the stone stairs, and await him; for they know that he is gone out, and will return late and alone. No one dwells in the house but the landlady and her little son at the top, and a young foreign artist. The murderers sit quietly; the key turns in the door - they listen ho! it is not Thorwaldsen - it is the younger artist who returns. He springs lightly up stairs, and his hand has touched the hair of one of them in his passage. He knows that some one sits there - knows they await Thorwaldsen; he is astonished to see light through the key-hole, and opens the door. Thorwaldsen is at home; the house has an entrance from the other street, and Thorwaldsen has been obliged to come through it this evening, because he has lost the key of the accustomed door, and - he is saved!

* Thorwaldsen had received considerable orders from Warsaw. The Emperor Alexander happened to be there at the time, and sat to the artist for his bust.

"Heaven watches over him!" repeat the Romans. They saw the Holy Father himself visit him; they saw him extend his hand to him, that he might not kneel at parting. The execution of the monument to Pius the Seventh was entrusted to the Lutheran Thorwaldsen.

Foremost in the ranks of eloquence stands the daughter of inspiration—the improvisatrice, Rosa Taddei. The assembled multitude hang upon her burning words, and applaud enthusiastically. Her task is, "I Progressi della Scultura;" her eye glances over the audience, and discovers Alberto, him to whom Denmark has given birth; in the soaring of her song she described him, and so forgot the things of earth, as to call Alberto, in the city of the pope, "Figlio di Dio."

"The king and the poet shall wander together," says the ballad; "the harp of David and the crown of the king accompany one-another." In the streets of Rome, king Louis of Bavaria, and the poet of sculpture, Bertel Thorwaldsen, walk arm in arm; a tie of friendship was formed between them. Thorwaldsen ever expressed himself warmly towards the King of Bavaria.

He had been now forty years in Rome; rich and independent, he lived and worked in the hope of returning at some time to Denmark, and closing his days in peace. Unaccustomed to great luxury, like many rich artists he lived a bachelor's life in Rome. Although his heart, after the first farewell in Copenhagen, opened no more to love, a thousand beautiful loves in marble tell us how warmly this heart beat. Love belongs to the mysteries of life. We know that Thorwaldsen left a daughter in Rome, whose birth he has acknowledged; * we know, too, that more than one lady would willingly have bestowed her hand upon the great artist. As he lay sick at Naples, the year before his first journey to Denmark, he was nursed by an English woman, who conceived the most ardent affection for him, and avowed it, and in an instant of awakened gratitude he plighted to her his troth. Afterwards, when he recovered, and came to Rome, this promise distressed him; he felt himself unsuited to married life - perceived that gratitude was not love - and, after an inward struggle, he announced to her his determination. Thorwaldsen was never married.

The following trait is characteristic of his heart, as well as of his whole bearing. There came to him one day, in Rome, a poor countryman, an artisan, who had been for a long

^{*} She married, in 1832, the Danish Chamberlain Poulson. In the following year a son was born, who received in baptism the name of Albert Thorwaldsen Ludwig. In 1842, she visited Thorwaldsen, at Copenhagen, with her husband and child; here she became a widow. She now resides in Rome.

time ill, to bid him farewell, and to thank him for the subscription which Thorwaldsen had added to the gifts of other fellow-countrymen to bear his expenses home.

"You will not walk the whole way?" asked Thorwaldsen.

"I am obliged to do so," replied the man, "otherwise the money will not suffice."

"But you are still too weak to walk," said he; "you cannot bear it, and must not do it."

The man explained the necessity. Thorwaldsen opened a drawer, took out a handful of scudi, and offered them to him, adding, "Now drive the whole way!"

The man thanked him, but assured him that what he had given would not carry him further than to Florence. Thorwaldsen clapped him on the shoulder, went a second time to the drawer, and took out another handful. The man was thankful to the highest degree, and was going away. "Yes, now you can drive the whole way, and do it in comfort," said he, leading him to the door.

"I am very glad," said the man; "God bless you for it! but to go the whole way - that would require a fortune!"

"Well, tell me how much you can do it for?" asked he, and looked at him. The man modestly named the necessary sum, and Thorwaldsen went for the third time to the drawer - counted out the sum required - accompanied him to the door, pressed his hand, and repeated, "But now drive, for you have not strength to walk."

Our artist did not belong to the class of talkative people; in a narrow circle only could he be induced to narrate, but then he did it with humor and vivacity. A few energetic expressions have been recorded, one of which we will repeat. A well-known sculptor one day entered into a contest with Thorwaldsen, and rated his own works above those of the latter.

"You may bind my hands," said Thorwaldsen, "and I will bite the marble better with my teeth than you can hew it!"

Thorwaldsen possessed copies of all his works, in plaster. These, with the rich marble statues, and bas-reliefs, which he executed for his own pleasure, unordered, and the numerous pictures which he purchased, every year, from young artists, formed a treasure which he destined for his native place, Copenhagen. When, therefore, the Danish government sent ships of war to the Mediterranean, in order to bring back the works which were executed for the palace and the churches, he always sent a portion of his property with them. Denmark was to inherit it. The wish to see these treasures collected in a place worthy of them, aroused the desire of the nation to build a museum. A meeting of Thorwaldsen's

Danish admirers and friends issued an invitation to the people, to bring each their mite towards it. Many a poor servant girl - many a peasant -gave theirs; and the required sum was soon collected. Frederic VI. gave the site; and the work was entrusted to the architect Bindesböl. All thoughts were occupied with Thorwaldsen and his works. The frigate "Rota" was to bring a cargo of them; and Thorwaldsen was coming with it, perhaps to remain for ever in Denmark.

For a long period there had not been seen such beautiful northern lights, as in the autumn of 1838. Red and blue flames played in the horizon — the clear, brilliant nights of Iceland had visited our green island - and it seemed as if Thorwaldsen's ancestors, veiled in the splendor of the aurora borealis, hovered around to greet their descendant. The frigate "Rota," with Thorwaldsen on board, approached the verdant Danish coast. As soon as the ship was descried sailing from Helsingör, the Danish flag was hoisted on the tower of St. Nicholas; but it was a foggy day - the ship was close to the town before it was perceived. All was bustle and excitement. The people streamed through the streets to the custom-house. What a picture! The sun breaks suddenly through the clouds; the proud ship is there! The heavens have thrown a splendid rainbow over it - " A triumphal arch for Alexander." Cannons thunderthe vessels hoist their flags - the sea swarms with gaily decked boats. Emblematic flags waving, announce that in this boat are painters - in that, sculptors; here, poets - there students. Here come well-dressed ladies, but the eye glances hurriedly at them, and is fixed upon the great boat, which rows rapidly from the ship. There sits Thorwaldsen, with his long white hair falling on his blue mantle. The song of welcome resounds.* The whole strand is crowded with people - hats and hankerchiefs wave; it is a festival of the people - a festival of en-The people unharness the horses, thusiasm. and draw him to his abode at Charlottenburg, where the atelier is decorated with flowers and garlands. In the evening there is an entertainment-torches burn in the garden, and the artists serenade him.

Thorwaldsen lives in the heart of the people - in their thoughts. Gala follows gala. We will notice two of these, the most remarkable. One, a sort of poetical and musical assembly, where poems appropriate to the occasion were recited by the authors themselves, or set to music, and performed by amateurs.† The great

^{*} A very beautiful song by Heiberg.
† The authors who recited their poems were, Oehlenschläger, Grundtwig, H. P. Holst, and H. C. An-

hall, and every little antechamber, were filled every one wished to participate in the gala, which concluded with a banquet and a dance, in which Thorwaldsen led a Polonaise. The other entertainment was given in the Students' Club, into which he was received as an honorary member. During the banquet here, the growing Museum was apostrophized in a cantata by H. P. Holst, and the lower part of the Hall opening, the Museum was seen as it would be when completed. Speeches and songs followed each other alternately. However this homage and enthusiasm might gratify him, it became at length oppressive. Admiration was the air he daily breathed, and yet he thought so little of it! When he was drawn to his dwelling by the people, he was unconscious of it, and said, "We are going quickly!" As he was coming one evening from church, at Rothschild, and the streets were illuminated in his honor, he remarked, "There must be a wedding here to-night!"

Near to the bay of Prästo, surrounded by wooded hills, lies Nysö, the estate of the Barony of Stampenburg, a place which Thorwaldsen has rendered famous in Denmark. The open strand - the fine beech forests - even the little country town amongst its orchards, a few hundred yards from the grounds, render the spot worth visiting, for the sake of its genuine Danish aspect. Here Thorwaldsen found his best home in Denmark; to this spot he seemed to cling; here a number of his later bas-reliefs and statues were produced. Baron Stampe possesses one of the noblest natures; his hospitality and the affectionate attention of his wife, made for Thorwaldsen a happier home than any other in the world. The energetic character of the baroness excited his activity; she tended him with a daughter's care, and forestalled every wish. On his first visit to Nysö, she arranged an excursion to the chalk cliffs of Möens; and during the days that were spent there, a little atelier was erected in the Garden at Nysö, close to the canal, which half surrounds the principal building. In this, and in a little corner room of the first floor. looking towards the garden, the greater part of Thorwaldsen's later works have been executed - the 'March to Golgotha,' the 'Entrance into Jerusalem,' 'Rebecca at the Well,' his own portrait statue, and the busts of Oelenschlager and Holberg. The Baroness Stampe bore him company, helped him, and read aloud to him from Holberg's works. Excursions were arranged, and in the evenings they played at his favorite game, a lottery; when, with a bag of numbers in his hand, he would become quite excited, and

dersen. The words of the songs performed were by Heiberg, Overskou, Hertz, and Christian Winther; and the address by Claussen. utter many a jest. He has represented the family in two bas-reliefs; in one of them are the mother, her two daughters, and the youngest son, with the artist himself; in the other, the father and his two eldest sons. Every circle in society sought to draw Thorwaldsen within it; he was to be seen in every large company, at every entertainment, and every evening at the theatre beside Oelenschlager. As a young man, he had scarcely possessed the imposing beauty of his later years; and combined with this dignity there was a gentleness and placidity, which was peculiarly prepossessing to strangers who approached him for the first time. His atelier was daily visited, and he therefore felt himself more at ease at Nysö. The family accompanied him in 1841, when he again visited Italy. The whole journey through Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, the Rhine country, and Munich, was a continued triumph. An acre of ground might have been covered with the poems addressed to the fêted artist. The winter was spent in Rome with Baron Stampe, and all Danes found there a home to which they might resort. The following year saw Thorwaldsen again in Denmark, and at his beloved Nysö. On Christmas-eve he modelled a beautiful bas-relief — "Christmas Joy in Heaven," which Oelenschlager has consecrated by a poem. The last birth-day which he outlived, was celebrated here by the performance of a vaudeville, written by Heiberg, to which his friends were invited; but the pleasantest hour was in the morning, when the family, and the author of these pages, who had written a comic poem, still wet upon the paper, assembled before the artist's door, and with a fire-tongs, a drum, and a bottle, rubbed with a cork, for accompaniment, sang it as a morning greeting. Thorwaldsen, laughing, opened the door in his dressing-gown, waved his black Raffaele cap, took a fire-tongs himself, and accompanied us, dancing about, and crying out with the others "hurrah!" A beautiful bas-relief, the "Genius of Poetry," was just completed — the same which Thorwaldsen, on the last day of his life, dedicated to Oehlenschlager, saying, "That might be a medal for thee."

On Sunday, the 24th of March, a party of friends were assembled at Baron Stampe's. Thorwaldsen was unusually gay, told stories for their amusement, and spoke of the journey to Italy which he proposed making in the course of the summer. At the theatre, Halm's tragedy of Griselda was to be performed for the first time. Tragedy, indeed, was not his favorite dramatic style, but comedy, especially the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new, which he must see, and it had become almost a habit to spend the evenings at the theatre. The over-

ture had commenced. On entering, he shook hands with some friends, took his accustomed seat, rose again to let some one pass, sat down again, bowed his head, and - expired. The music continued. The person next him thought he had fainted; he was carried out, but he was numbered among the dead.

The intelligence ran through the town like an electric flash; his room at Charlottenburg was crowded; the Baroness Stampe was deeply affected. A few days before she had lost a dear sister; the heart of a child lamented the great artist.* It was found on examination that his death had been caused by an organic complaint of the heart, which would have occasioned dropsy. Few have been so happily released by sudden death: Thorwaldsen was fortunate even in death. His countenance retained its usual expression - like a noble bust the great artist lay, in his long white drapery, with a fresh laurel wreath around his brow. He died at the commencement of Passion week.

He lay in an open coffin in the sculpture hall of the Academy; tapers burned in the candelabras. It was exactly fifty-one years, the previous day, since he had received, on the same spot, the medal of the Academy.

The funeral oration was spoken, and the artists bade farewell to the great master -

"With bitter, bitter tears, We bear the pride of Denmark to the grave." ‡

The Crown Prince, as president of the Academy, followed nearest the bier. It stopped again in the court, and from the atelier resounded a Latin Miserere.§ The procession began. It was a gray day; not a sunbeam shone. The corporation, in civic costume, all with crape round their hats, had formed in ranks, arm in arm; and where the long line ended, came the people - even ragged boys - holding each other by the hand, and making a chain — a chain of peace. Near the church of Notre Dame, the procession of students began. It left the house of mourning at half-past one o'clock, and reached the church at a quarter before three. It was led by two artists, at the head of a number of sail-

* In his will, dated December 5th, 1838, he desires that all the objects of art in his possession should be given to the place of his birth, Copenhagen; that the Museum should bear his name, and leaves 25,000 rhthl towards it Konferenzrath, Kollin, Justizrath Thiele, the Professors Claussen, Schouw, and Bissen, with a number of the magistracy of Copenhagen, were named executors. The completion of his works was entrusted to the sculptor Bissen, as well as the artistic superintendence of the Museum, the expense to be defrayed from the funds of the Museum.

† It was delivered by Professor Claussen. ‡ A poem by H. P. Holst.

It was performed by the Italian opera-singers; the music was composed and arranged by the Capelmeister Perate.

ors; next came nearly eight hundred students after these, the Icelanders - then artists of all classes, who changed places alternately - and then the body; after it, the Crown Prince, with the members of the Academy, the military, persons in office, and citizens.

All the windows, walls, trees, and even many roofs were crowded. What a silence! See! all heads are bared, as the bier approaches - the flower-decked bier, with palm branches strewn on it - with Thorwaldsen's statue resting on Hope. Amongst the many garlands on the pall, two are worthy of note. The queen herself has woven one of the loveliest flowers of the season; the other is of silver - the children of several schools in the town have each contributed a mite from their pocket-money towards it. See! in all the windows, ladies clad in mourning flowers are showered down - bouquets fall upon the bier — all the church-bells ring. It is a solemn procession; the people accompany the king of artists! Never will that moment be forgotten. As the bier reached the church door, the last of its followers left the chamber of mourning. The choir performed a funeral march (composed by Hurtman), deep and impressive, as though the dead themselves were joining in the ranks, led by the tones resounding from the organ and trumpets. The king met the bier, and fell into the file of mourners in the church hung with black, where Christ and his apostles stood in the glimmering light. A cantata echoed from voices and organs; the last chorus sounded.* Then followed an oration by Provost Tryde, and the mourning festival concluded with a "Schlaf wohl," from the students, who had formed a circle round the bier. Thus ended, upon earth, the triumphant course of Bertel Thorwaldsen's glorious life. The life of no artist has been richer in the sunshine of fortune and renown than this. The nobly born were proud to welcome him in their circle - him, decked with orders, courted by princes, world-famous. The citizen knew that he was born in his own sphere -sprung from his strong race; and he raised his head proudly towards him, regarding his honor and good fortune as his own, seeing in him one chosen of God.

Even by his death, he seemed to bring good fortune to the poor. In "Nyboder," t where Thorwaldsen was well known, and where they knew that his father had belonged to their class, and worked in the dockyard, they took, as numbers in the lottery, the figures of his age, and the days of his birth and death; and these ac-

† A quarter of Copenhagen, built by Christian IV.,

inhabited by sailors.

^{*} The queen, the crown princess, and several ladies of the royal household, had placed themselves on one of the lower benches, near the coffin.

tually came up — to them no small proof of his greatness.

The melancholy news of his death spread throughout the country. Through all countries, funeral songs resounded. Mourning festivals were held in Berlin and Rome. On the Danish stage, where his soul had departed, a festival was held; the place where he had sat, was decorated with crape and laurel wreaths, and a poem, by Heiberg, was recited, recording the manner of his death and his greatness.* In the saloon of the Academy, "the Student's Society" held a festival, in commemoration of him, with cantatas by Hertz and Hartmann, an oration by Holst, and poems by Ploug and Oelenschlager. The fame of Thorwaldsen resounded in words and music.

The mason-work of the tomb had just been completed the day before Thorwaldsen's death. He wished to rest in the court of the Museum, and had asked as his monument a marble railing, and a few rose-trees and flowers. The whole building, with the rich treasures which he presented to his country, is become one monument.

His works are to be placed in the rooms decorated in the style of Pompeii, which surround the court. His arrival in the Roads, and his funeral—the two striking occurrences of his life—are to be represented in painting under the windows; * and above, on the ceiling of the Museum, the Goddess of Victory, "Holds her flying car, and lingers with him to the end."

For centuries shall pilgrims flock to Denmark—not attracted by our cheerful green island, with its fresh beech forests—but to see these works and this grave. The stranger will seek another spot—the little space at Nysö where the atelier stands—where the tree bends its branches towards the lonely swan that he used to feed. It, too, has bowed its head and died; but in "The Swan Song of Eternity" resounds the name of Thorwaldsen. It echoes in England from the statues of "Jason" and "Byron"—in Switzerland from his "Dying Lion"—in Rothschild from the form of "Christian the Fourth." It finds an echo in every breast where art has kindled its holy flame.

- Dublin University Magazine.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

We mentioned last week that an Expedition was reported as about to sail all the way from America in search of the Dead Sea; and if found, to explore its waters and coast - that is, in the language of Captain Cuttle, "when found" to "take a note of it." The think seemed unlikely - but was true; for the party have sailed under the command of Lieut. Lynch: - and some of his countrymen want very much to know what it means. So do we. Lieut. Lynch has tried to inform them in a letter addressed to the New York Herald; - but has made out a case of greater mystery than ever. To hear Lieut. Lynch, one would suppose that he was volunteering, like the knights of the romance time, to break some spell of horrid enchantment, - and would need a ship load of exorcisms and a magic armor to carry him safely through his perilous enterprise. It would seem that the ingenious navigator is going forth to look for Sodom and Gomorrah in a sea of which wonders have been told that might daunt a heart less stout than his own. It has "no living thing," he avers, "upon its shore, or above

* The poet's wife, the distinguished Danish actress, Madame Heiberg, recited the poem, after which Oelenschlager's master-piece, the tragedy, "Hakon Jarl," was performed. Their majesties, the king and queen, and all the spectators, wore mourning on that evening.

or beneath its surface." Fish cannot swim in its waters, nor birds fly over them. The fruits that grow on its bank are "fair to the eye" but turn to ashes on the lips. Rivers flow into it that never come out again, yet make no increase of its waters. Naked, perpendicular crags that shut it in from the world are its physical accident, and earthquakes its moral. Black and sulphureous exhalations are said to issue from its waters; and huge masses of bitumen, flung mysteriously up, float on its surface - suggesting an unspeakable origin. There is a hole in its middle which has no bottom, "indicated by incessant bubbles and an agitated surface:" - and this Lieut. Lynch — though he allows that it may possibly be the crater of a submerged volcano, and form a subterraneous aqueduct with the ocean - evidently suspects of leading to a more unmentionable place. It is probably the road by which a certain amphibious Personage travels "to visit his snug little farm of the earth." The configuration of the shores of this dreary sea, it seems, is unknown — and its very extent is a problem. One great temptation to the valor of our modern knight-errant is, that the only person who ever tried to pierce this mystery before himself perished in the attempt. - This is quite in the

* The decorations have been entrusted to the painter, Constantine Hansen. romance style. The final object of Lieut. Lynch is to refute the infidel philosophers: - and he states his expectations of getting personally a sight of the "cities of the plain." A correspondent of the Boston Post gives a text from Châteaubriand which comes fearfully in aid of some of the suggestions of Lieutenant Lynch. That poet speaks of "a dismal sound proceeding from this lake of death like the stifled clamors of the people engulphed in its waters!" - and the same writer adds to the miracles attributed to this silent sea that it bears on its surface the heavier metals. - That is a chance in favor of Lieut. Lynch. The correspondent last alluded has no objection to Lieut. Lynch's "having his fling" at private cost - but cannot be made to understand why he should have a national ship to seek discoveries in the Lake Asphaltites. We presume that no such profane intention as that of spoil to be recovered from the ruins of the Vale of Siddim can be entertained by Lieut.

Lynch - though he probably contemplates, in support of his argument, going down to Gomorrah in a diving-bell. The correspondent of the Boston Post has the cruelty to mock at the phantoms with which Lieut. Lynch has peopled "the Sea of the Wilderness." He coolly declares his belief that the expedition is not dangerous - and offers, if Lieut Lynch invite him, to accompany that officer as a slight diversion on his own way to Japan. The correspondent in question is wrong. The spirits of the region are already in motion to daunt Lieut. Lynch. Vesuvius, as we have already said, has got up his fires in the path of the expedition. But Lieut. Lynch has put on the welded armor of superstition and faith; - and would, we believe, not be warned back from his burlesque "Voyage of Discovery "though the Mediterranean burned with fire, and its eastern coast teemed with "windmills" all turning in a tempest. - Athe-

COLLECTANEA.

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH AND A BROTH-ER ARTIST.

"I knew both these gentlemen at Rome, when George wore a velvet doublet and a beard down to his chest, and used to talk about high art at the Café Greco. How it smelled of smoke, that velveteen doublet of his, with which his stringy red beard was likewise perfumed! It was in his studio that I had the honor to be introduced to his sister, the fair Miss Clara; she had a large casque with a red horse-hair plume (I thought it had been a wisp of her brother's beard at first), and held a tin-headed spear in her hand, representing a Roman warrior in the great picture of Caractacus George was painting - a piece sixty-four feet by eighteen. The Roman warrior blushed to be discovered in that attitude: the tin-headed spear trembled in the whitest arm in the world. So she put it down, and taking off the helmet also, went and sat in a far corner of the studio, mending George's stockings; whilst we smoked a couple of pipes, and talked about Raphael being a good deal overrated.

"I think he is; and have never disguised my opinion about the 'Transfiguration.' And all the time we talked, there were Clara's eyes looking lucidly out from the dark corner in which she was sitting, working away at the stockings. The lucky fellow! They were in a dreadful state of bad repair when she came out

to him at Rome, after the death of their father, the Reverend Miles Rumbold."

"George while at Rome painted 'Caractacus;' a picture of 'Non Angli sed Angeli,' of course; a picture of 'Alfred in the Neat-herd's Cottage,' seventy-two feet by forty-eight; (an idea of the gigantic size and Michael-Angelesque proportions of this picture may be formed, when I state that the mere muffin, of which the outcast king is spoiling the baking, is two feet three in diameter); and the deaths of Socrates, of Remus, and of the Christians under Nero respectively. I shall never forget how lovely Clara looked in white muslin, with her hair down, in this latter picture, giving herself up to a ferocious Carnifex (for which Bob Gaunter the architect sat), and refusing to listen to the mild suggestions of an insinuating Flamen; which character was a gross caricature of my-

"None of George's pictures sold. He has enough to tapestry Trafaigar Square. He has painted since he came back to England 'The flaying of Marsyas;' 'The smothering of the little boys in the Tower;' 'A plague scene during the great pestilence;' 'Ugolino on the seventh day after he was deprived of victuals,' &c. For although these pictures have great merit, and the writhings of Marsyas, the convulsions of the little prince, the look of agony of St. Lawrence on the gridiron, &c., are quite true to nature, yet the subject somehow are not agreea-

ble; and if he had not a small patrimony, my friend George would starve." — Our Street.

LORD ELDON.

Many were the squibs in prose and verse of which the Fabius of Chancellors was the subject. To one by Sir George Rose a happy retort was made by Lord Eldon.

"My most valued and witty friend, Sir George Rose, when at the bar, having the note-book of the regular reporter of Lord Eldon's decisions put into his hand with a request that he would take a note for him of any decision which should be given, entered in it the following lines as a full record of all that was material which had occurred during the day:

Mr. Leach Made a speech, Angry, neat, but wrong:

Mr. Hart, On the other part, Was heavy, dull, and long:

Mr. Parker Made the case darker, Which was dark enough without:

Mr. Cooke Cited his book, And the Chancellor said —"I DOUBT."

This jeu d'esprit, flying about Westminster Hall, reached the Chancellor, who was very much amused with it, notwithstanding the allusion to his doubting propensity. Soon after, Mr. Rose having to argue before him a very untenable proposition, he gave his opinion very gravely, and with infinite grace and felicity thus concluded:—'For these reasons the judgment must be against your clients; and here, Mr. Rose, the Chancellor DOES NOT DOUBT.'"

SCHILLER'S USE OF BODILY SUFFERING.

I have often been acquainted with persons, both men and women, in whom this condition (of constant bodily suffering) was habitual, and who had not even a single probable hope of ever getting free from it, unless by death. To this class especially Schiller belonged. He suffered much, suffered constantly, and knew, too, that (as was actually the case) these perpetual pains were gradually drawing him nearer to death. Yet of him it might truly be said that he kept his sickness imprisoned within the limits of his body, for at whatever hour you might visit him, in whatever state you might find him, his mind was always cheerful and tranquil, and ready for friendly intercourse, and for interesting and

even profound conversation. He would even say at times that a man can work better in certain states of bodily ailment—not those, of course, of acute suffering; and I have found him, while actually in this uncomfortable condition, composing poems and prose essays, in which no one, surely, could discover a trace of this circumstance of their birth.—"Letters by W. Von Humboldt."

TITLES.

Whenever we see the prefix of "Honorable" to such names as —, —, &c., our deep-rooted aversion to the use of these honorary and unmeaning appellatives is still more firmly fixed. Gen. Charles Lee spoke like a republican, and a man of sense also, when, in a letter to Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, he said: "For my own part, I would as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as 'the excellency,' with which I am crammed. How much more true dignity was there in the simplicity of address among the Romans: - Marcus Tullius Cicero, Decimo Bruto Imperatori, or Caius Marcello Consuli, than 'to his excellency Major General Noodle,' or 'to the honorable John Doodle.' My objections are perhaps trivial and whimsical; but, for my soul, I cannot help stating them. If, therefore, I should address a letter to you, without the 'excellency' tacked, you must not esteem it a mark of personal or official disrespect, but the reverse." - Exchange paper.

FANCIFUL TITLES.

A variety of French novel-writers, even the ablest, frequently choose very singular titles for their works, - apparently because they think such eccentricity is necessary to secure them attention. At this moment works are in course of publication called 'The Club of the Damned,' - 'The Bloody Shoestrings,' - 'My Father's Shirt,' -- ' The Blue-faced Knight,' -- and ' The Nose.' Modern French poets, too, have the funniest ideas and expressions imaginable. Within the last few days the following tit-bits have appeared in "poems" which have the pretension to be serious: - " A sound as when the moon sneezes." - "It looked like a ray of honey!" -"The agitated steel," for the ringing of a bell. - "Heaven coughed," for it thundered. -"Great man! thou art not a simple ceiling -thou art the sky !" - "Heaven - God's blue carpet!"-" Those tender fowls with heavenly wings - angels." - Edinburgh Register.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Iron Carriages. The tendency of the last few years to substitute iron for wood has been shown in ships, ploughs, and other machines. It has even been attempted in houses; but here, we believe, without that success which is shown in extensive use or practice. A gentleman of the north of Scotland is now experimenting, with good ground of hope, on the introduction of iron carriages. He proposes that the bodies of such vehicles should be formed entirely of an iron frame, the panels of plates of galvanised iron, and the axles of iron tubes filled with wood; the wheels to have for spokes double rods pyramidally arranged, or on what is called the suspension principle. The advantages proposed are - first, a lightness as about two to three; second, a saving of cost in about the same proportion. Thus, a pony-carriage, which, of the usual materials, would weigh five hundredweight, is only about three when constructed of iron; an omnibus, which, of the ordinary construction, would be twenty to twenty four hundredweight, can be formed of iron at about eleven. The same in respect of external decorations and internal comforts. A carriage of this kind effects an important saving in the motive power. If successful as an invention, it must be of no small importance to humanity, both in sparing the muscles of individual horses, and allowing of a greater share of the fruits of the earth being turned to the use of human beings. For use in tropical countries, there is a further advantage in the non-liability to cracking and shrinking, and the unsuitableness of an iron frame for becoming a nest of noxious insects. Apart from the mere substitution of one material for another, which is the leading feature of the invention, much is claimed for it on the ground of the superior springs employed in these carriages. They are spiral, and vertically arranged, working in a case, with an apparatus which precludes their falling from the perpendicular.

We have seen one of Mr. Aitken's carriages, and taken a drive in another, without being able to detect any point in which they are likely to prove a failure. Their success, however, must be matter for larger experiment, requiring time for a satisfactory issue.

An account of the Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea in China. By Samuel Ball, Esq., late Inspector of Teas to the East India Company in China. — A complete treatise on the culture and manufacture of tea has long been a desideratum both in science and social economy. Considering that we now consume annually between forty and fifty millions of pounds of the

leaves of this plant - and that it seriously concerns the health and comfort of every man to know something of the history and qualities of so essential an ingredient of his daily breakfast -it is a matter of surprise that such a work had not been undertaken long ago. There have been, it is true, a good many pamphlets and dissertations on the subject published at various times; but none, so far as we know, stamped with any authority. Mr. Ball has strong claims to credit in the matter; - having resided twenty-six years in China, and been during the whole of that time officially engaged in the selection and examination of teas for the British market. His is the only book in which we have ever met with any thing like a clear and distinct explanation of that curious process by which the leaf of the tea-plant — though perfectly devoid of flavor and smell in its fresh and natural state - is found capable of being converted into one of the most delightful and at the same time most innoxious of our aromatic stimulants. The details are dry, and may be tedious to some persons; but they will be invaluable to those who are now endeavoring to raise and prepare this article in our own colonies. Mr. Ball has clearly shown that in British India - in some parts of which the tea-plant is indigenous - the cheapness of labor compared with its price in China gives us ample power to compete with the Chinese in the production of the commodity, and deprive them of their present absolute monopoly in its supply. There are some curious and interesting notices about tea in this volume which will amuse even the general reader; and it is illustrated by a great number of neat vignettes and a couple of pleasing views of Chinese tea plantations.

Mark Wilton; or, The Merchant's Clerk. By Charles B. Tayler, M. A. - We are no lovers as must, by this, time, be pretty well known of what are called "religious novels;" but leaving the doctrines inculcated by Mr. Tayler to stand or fall by their own truth - to be confirmed or set aside by such as find duty and pleasure in controversy - we may frankly say that his tales are in many points superior to the larger portion of their family. Not only is the absence of bitterness in them commendable, but they contain quiet, unobtrusive markings of character, and a feeling for manners, humors, scenery, and costume, such as is generally disregarded, from right royal asceticism or vacant incompetence, by the fabricators of similar productions. The argument of 'Mark Wilton' is simple enough; - the story being devoted to the contrast of "The Industrious and Idle Apprentices" in London mercantile life. The time is the period at which flourished highwaymen of a far more "tiffany" quality than the hungry brutalized "navvies" who are this winter playing pranks, near certain of our provincial towns, after the fashion of Duval and Sheppard. Mark Wilton is tempted with desperate perils; principally by one Desmond Smith, — whose gentlemanly rakery is neatly contrasted with the coarse ruffianism of others who inveigle "the Merchant's Clerk" to his ruin. How he is throughout admonished, and finally extricated, by an angelic friend of his, Angus Stanley — and what happens consequent to his extrication — the reader will do best to learn from the book itself.

Essay on the Constitution of Society as designed by God. By Dr. Bishop. - The attempt made in this brochure is not new. Theorists have from time to time sought to construct a system of society in accordance with the ancient Scriptures; but they have been always baffled by the complications of modern interests. A return to the simplicity of first arrangements is impossible. It may, at the same time, be beneficial to have attention occasionally directed to these -as perhaps first principles are best studied in connexion with them. There are accordingly some excellent suggestions in this little work - which is clearly and intelligibly written. The reign of Love, here advocated - and which the speculative reasoner, as well as the poet, anticipates, is not, however, a state producible by legislation, but one that must come (if at all) by development. It is a dream of the enthusiast and the philosopher - which may be realized, but not by external pressure. It must proceed from such evolution of man's higher capacity as can only be promoted by the universal extension of the best education both public and private.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. By ELLIS BELL.

— AGNES GREY. By ACTON BELL. 3 vols.

'Jane Eyre,' it will be recollected, was edited by Mr. Currer Bell. Here are two tales so nearly related to 'Jane Eyre' in cast of thought, incident, and language as to excite some curiosity. All three might be the work of one hand, — but the first issued remains the best. In spite of much power and cleverness; in spite of its truth to life in the remote nooks and corners of England, 'Wuthering Heights' is a disagreeable story. The Bells seem to affect painful and exceptional subjects: — the misdeeds and oppressions of tyranny — the eccentricities of "woman's fantasy." They do not turn away from dwelling upon those physical acts of cruelty which we

know to have their warrant in the real annals of crime and suffering. - but the contemplation of which true taste rejects. The brutal master of the lonely house on "Wuthering Heights" - a prison which might be pictured from life - has doubtless had his prototype in those ungenial and remote districts where human beings, like the trees, grow gnarled and dwarfed and distorted by the inclement climate; but he might have been indicated with far fewer touches, in place of so entirely filling the canvas that there is hardly a scene untainted by his presence. It was a like dreariness - a like unfortunate selection of objects - which cut short the popularity of Charlotte Smith's novels, rich though they be in true pathos and faithful descriptions of Nature. Enough of what is mean and bitterly painful and degrading gathers round every one of us during the course of his pilgrimage through this vale of tears to absolve the Artist from choosing his incidents and characters out of such a dismal catalogue; and if the Bells, singly or collectively, are contemplating future or frequent utterances in Fiction, let us hope that they will spare us further interiors so gloomy as the one here elaborated with such dismal minuteness. In this respect 'Agnes Grey' is more acceptable to us, though less powerful. It is the tale of a governess who undergoes much that is in the real bond of a governess's endurance: - but the new victim's trials are of a more ignoble quality than those which awaited 'Jane Eyre.' In the household of the Bloomfields the governess is subjected to torment by Terrible Children (as the French have it); in that of the Murrays she has to witness the ruin wrought by false indulgence on two coquettish girls, whose coquetries jeopardize her own heart's secret. In both these tales there is so much feeling for character, and nice marking of scenery, that we cannot leave them without once again warning their authors against what is eccentric and unpleasant. Never was there a period in our history of Society when we English could so ill afford to dispense with sunshine.

THE COUNCIL OF FOUR; a Game at Definitions. Edited by ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE, author of 'Torrington Hall,' &c. London: Ollivier. 1848.

Four friends were accustomed to meet. They resorted to bouts rimés, in order to while away an idle hour, but did not find the amusement they expected. They then tried a new exercise for their wits. A word being appointed, each set himself to give a definition of it; and, when done, all the four were brought together. Thus were formed the materials of a very small book, called 'The Council of Four,' which has just

made its appearance. It contains exactly a hundred subjects—as Language, Mirror, Death, Paper, Luxury, Politics, &c. There is an interest in seeing how four clever men are to make out something pointed on each of these themes in a single sentence, and often the definition given is one of no inconsiderable force. As an example of one subject—

CHILD.

The ever renewed hope of the world. A conscript for the wars.

The future in the present.

God's problem waiting man's solution.

Of single definitions, some have a pungency which throws the rest of their several groups much into shade, as —

IGNORANCE — A dark place, where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves or somebody else.

Family — An item in a poor nation's wealth and a rich nation's poverty.

IRON — The bones of the giant Civilization.

IRON — The bones of the giant Civilization EXPERIENCE — The scars of our wounds. DEBT — A slice out of another man's loaf.

Others are too much of the character of conceits or rebuses, though these are fewer in proportion than might be expected from the present strain of light literature in the metropolis. Our object, however, is less to criticize this clever little work than to introduce it as a vade-meeum for a very rational, and, as far as we know, novel plan of fireside amusement, which may be followed with pleasure and advantage by our readers, especially those of tender age. The definition assignable to Wallbridge's 'Game at Definitions' is—

The Hoyle of its subject.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., Author of 'Margaret Grabam,' &c. With Illustrations from Designs by John Gilbert; engraved by Henry Vizetelly.

In the crimson and gold of its cover, its pretty landscape wood-cuts, its striking heads and figures, the ornamented framework of varied design and colors to each page, as well as in the subject of the tale, this publication is fitted for a New Year's gift-book. The treatment is not so well adapted for Christmas literature. Mr. James is rather too solid both in subject and in style to deal with fairies; and his literature has too much of composition about it for juvenile minds, which like to go direct to their subject, and not to linger over details. The tale is a story of the Commonwealth, beginning with the battle of Worcester and ending with the Restoration. The subject is the adventures of Denzil Norman, Lord Blount, in his attempts to restore Charles the Second, and his final marriage with

the daughter of Lord Eustace, whom he had known a little girl before the field of Worcester, and subsequently woos when she is disguised as a peasant to save her father and serve the King. Except that the writing is too predominant - a small book does not bear so much composition as three volumes—the story is interesting. The substance, however, is not that of the tale or sketch, but of the circulating library romance. This is especially the case with the supernatural parts. The fairy is as large as life; and she carries the hero into churches, and vaults with ghostly lights, and toads, and bats, and owls, while a death-cold hand leads him along dark and dismal passages, fearful to think about, albeit smacking of the playhouse. THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES is the section of an historical romance, condensed into a small volume, and garnished with some supernatural touches from the Radcliffe school; except that they are not "explained" properly. Mr. James breaks off abruptly, implying that the heroine was the fairy; but there are some things that are only resolvable on ghostly supposition.

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